THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.

LOVE.

BY WM. G. MEACHAM.

'Mid all the joys this earth can yield
There's nothing can compare with love.
The sweetest drop
In our life's cup,
It softens all the draught distilled,
Though bitterer than gall it prove,
And with content
We drink till spent.

Of all the sunny spots in life
There's none so calm, so warm, so bright
As that sweet spot,
Ne'er, ne'er forgot,
Where love, secluded from hoarse strife,
Sports ever in the Summer light,
A butterfly
Decked gaudily.

Of all life's cool, refreshing shades,
There's none invites with such sweet power
As that where love,
The gentle dove,
Within the myrtle everglades
Sits perched and fills her leafy bower
With strains that stir
The angel choir.

Of all the flowers whose painted charms
Gladden the heart on life's dull road,
There's none so fair,
Or hath such cheer,
As that sweet daisy that disarms
Of care and grief the pathway trod,
That modest flower,
Love's fragrant hour.

Warsaw, N. Y.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TO MYRA.

BY CHARLES MUMFORD.

As the Summer suns disclose
Beauties in the blushing rose,
Which by eye are never scanned
Till the tender bud expand—

So thy gentler graces lay
Half concealed till friendship's ray,
Brightening to a dazzling sun,
Showed fresh beauties to be won.

As the drop of crystal dew,
Sparkling 'neath the Summer blue,
Mirrors, ere it upward flies,
Every sunbeam in the skies,

So mayst thou each winning grace
Mirror in thy sunny face,
While the holier virtues shine
From that loving heart of thine.

Then, as melts the Summer cloud—
As descends night's sable shroud—
As the flowers their petals close—
As the blush forsakes the rose—

Gently thus mayst thou decay,
When shall end Life's fleeting day;
Sinking in a cloudless west,
Rising to an endless rest.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

FAITHFUL FOREVER.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY EMMA GARRISON,

AUTHORESS OF "FREDDY IRVIN," "ZAIDEE, OR THE RUBY CROSS," &c.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

EXAMINATION DAY.

Before proceeding further with our narrative, we will go back a short space, and gather up a little incident, which may or may not throw some light upon future developments; at any rate, it will serve as a link in our concatenation, and not even the smallest link must be dropped if we wish to make the chain perfect and connected.

When the schoolmaster reached the seat of his daily labors, on the next morning after Clifford's visit, he was considerably surprised to find the children, who always shortened their morning naps, and even hurried their breakfasts, in order to get to the schoolhouse and enjoy an hour or so of boisterous merriment before his arrival, sitting round in deathlike silence, with open books in their hands. Indeed, he had become so accustomed to their merry shouts and noisy welcome, that their unaccountable silence filled him for a moment with a kind of awe. But the cause was speedily made manifest. In the arm-chair before the desk sat his cousin Lawrence, the Attorney. He jumped up with a pleasant salutation as the master entered, and offered him his accustomed seat. But he politely declined receiving it, and took instead the end of a long bench filled out with a row of half-breathless children, with their books before their faces and their bare feet huddled together, like frightened mice. As he did so, he chanced to notice that the desk was still strewn with the scraps of paper upon which he and Clifford had scribbled the previous evening and, with a sigh at the thought of him, he gathered them up, and crumpling them into a ball, threw them over behind the green bushes that filled the fireplace. The Attorney did not seem to notice the act, but made a few remarks about the fine morning, and as many inquiries concerning the well-being of the school, and then proceeded to make known his business.

He had been informed that his cousin purposed having a public examination, and was desirous of securing a more extensive field for his operations than the yard of his schoolhouse afforded; and he had come to offer him the grounds at the Hall. He could have them fixed out to suit his own convenience, and have a large an assembly as he wished. He hoped he would accept the offer, it would be truly gratifying to his feelings.

The schoolmaster felt very much indebted to him for his kindness, but he had made arrangements to erect seats under the oaks, and also to put up an arbor—he thought his scholars would feel more at home and do themselves more honor at the schoolhouse than anywhere else. The Attorney was very much disappointed, but he would send down hands to help about the seats and arbor. Then, with an urgent invitation to his cousin to visit him, and a pleasant good-morning, he took his departure—and the children looked after him with a long respiration of relief, and began to make ample amends for the irksome restraint they had undergone.

And now, having gathered up this seemingly unimportant link, we will return to our friends at the old farm-house. Since Clifford's departure, a deeper gloom has settled down upon them. The black cloud is steadily increasing—already, at intervals, we hear the distant rumble of the thunder and catch the flitting gleam of the lightning—the big drops are not far off. Mrs. Kent made a great effort to be cheerful, but the thought of her absent boy lay like a weight upon her heart. Her old illuminating smile was rarely seen. And Florence was scarcely like the same person. All her joyous animation, which once gladdened the entire household, was gone—she seldom smiled, and when she did, it was evidently forced, to comfort those around her. She never played her guitar—never went out upon her old rambles—but worked in her little parterre, or sat in her own chamber with an open book before her and her eyes on the picture of Gertrude.

Never since that note in which she informed him of her father's decision, had she written a line to the schoolmaster, nor had he to her. She was determined to obey her father, even if it broke her heart. And that it seemed likely to do, for day after day her cheeks grew whiter, and her brown eyes more deep and transparent. But she never betrayed her suffering by word or look; on the contrary, she strove to make herself a comfort to her parents, and indeed to the entire household—did a thousand little things to lessen the cares of her mother—and sat in her old place at her father's feet and read him the political speeches, and stroked back the gray hair from his forehead, with a tender, unselfish sweetness that almost broke his heart.

Still he could not yield—could not consent for her to marry that good-for-nothing schoolmaster, who was the talk and fun of the village. And thus the days wore on into the noontide of summer. Florence's white cheeks grew whiter, and her voice softer, and all her ways and actions more meekly and thoughtfully tender. The old man watched her as she moved about, scarcely seeming to touch the earth, until he began to fear she would float off some day and never return. He could not stand it much longer; she was the very idol of his heart; something must be done to comfort her. He went in to Alice, his never-failing comforter, for counsel.

"What shall we do with Florence, Alice? Something must be done, or she'll pine herself to death."

"There's only one remedy, Nathan."

"What's that?"

"Revoke your decision—let her marry the schoolmaster."

"Marry the Deuce! What would he do with Florence, as tenderly as she's been raised, and he not worth a dime?"

"Work for and take care of her, if he loves her—and I believe he does."

"But he's got no name or position, Alice; he's the laughing-stock of the village."

"Rockville is not very capable of appreciating character—I don't see why a young man who did not hesitate to relinquish his entire fortune when he became convinced that justice demanded it, should be made a laughing-stock, and one who did not scruple to receive it and turn his cousin out of doors an idol."

"Well, he may be well enough as far as character's concerned; but you wouldn't be willing for Florence to marry him, would you, Alice?"

"Wholly willing, Nathan."

The old man uttered a contemptuous upshaw."

"She loves him, Nathan," suggested his wife, gently.

"What if she does?"

She went round and leant over the back of his chair, and ran her fingers through his gray hair.

"Nathan," she said, her voice tender and tremulous, "do you remember the day you shot the deer from which you took the antlers in the Hall?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"And the days that followed, Nathan—one, in particular, when you and I went in search of chesnuts?"

"To be sure I do, Alice."

"Well, suppose that my father had declared that you and I must separate and forget each other—how do you think we should have felt that evening?"

He rose up and pushed her from him, almost rudely, and hastily left the room. Mrs. Kent smiled a smile of quiet satisfaction when she heard his footsteps up and down the hall, and it deepened into positive joy when he strode up to the head of the stairway and called, in a loud voice:

"Florence, dress yourself and come down; I'm going to drive down to the village. Be quick, I'm in a hurry."

She was sitting on a low stool by the window, with her needlework on the carpet beside her, and an open book on her lap—but her eyes were fixed on the picture, and she was repeating the stanza below it, in a kind of unconscious whisper. When she heard her father's voice, she rose up like one awakened from a dream, and went about making her toilet with something like mechanical indifference. Perhaps the state of her inner feelings actuated her in the choice of colors—they were very sombre. A russet-brown silk dress, a linen collar, her bonnet and gloves, and a white crape shawl completed her attire.

"What did you come down in this Quaker costume for?" said her father, gaily, yet speaking in a faltering voice, as she joined him and her mother in the hall, "I've a great mind to send you back."

Something in his voice, the unsteadiness perhaps, made her look up in his face. It was still trembling with recent emotion, and traces of tears were visible on his cheeks. A sudden pang smote her heart for even having cherished a desire contrary to his wishes, and she drew nearer to his side with an overflowing feeling of filial tenderness.

"Dear father," she said, softly, making a painful effort to put on her old smile, "I'll go and put on something else, if you wish me."

"No, no; it doesn't matter," he answered, as he kissed her cheek. "You're good enough just as you are. Come, Alice, let's go."

"Where are we going, father?" asked Florence, as the carriage turned down towards the village.

"To the village," was the laconic answer.

"But to what place in the village!"

"We shall see."

Florence was sorely puzzled. There was something in her father's face that she could not unriddle. Where could he be going? She turned to her mother for an explanation—but she only smiled a smile full of mysterious significance. Perhaps he intended to take her to Brown, Green & Co.'s, to make some handsome purchase, as he was exceedingly fond of dress? But this supposition was soon proved to be erroneous, for he drove past the great mercantile house without even so much as stopping. Perhaps he would take her into Knox's to fit a pair of his summer gaiters? No, the boot and shoe establishment was also left behind. He must intend to call on some of her friends—the Misses Browns, perhaps—or the Episcopal minister's daughters? That would not do—the private residences were passed, and the carriage rolled on towards the extreme terminus of the village. The clump of oaks and the little brown schoolhouse appeared in sight. Florence's heart set up a foolish flutter, and for a moment or two she did not dare to look up. When she did venture to raise her eyes, however, she saw a green arbor and quite a concourse of people ranged about on new plank seats. It was examination day—she remembered it then for the first time. But her father certainly did not mean to attend Mr. Kenilworth's examination? The carriage rolled on, reached the common in front of the schoolhouse, and stopped. The old farmer got out, proceeded very deliberately to fasten his horses to a rack, then let down the steps and assisted his wife to alight.

"Come, Florence," he said, with a mischievous gleam in his eyes, "you don't wish to remain in the carriage, do you?"

Florence could not answer; the fluttering of her heart almost took away her breath. With burning cheeks and drooping eyelids, she suffered her father to lift her out and lead her up the aisle towards the teacher's platform. Several gentlemen, Attorney Kenilworth among them, rose up and proffered their seats, but the old farmer did not accept them. With a quiet smile on his face, he led his wife and daughter up the entire length of the grassy aisle, to the very foot of the platform. The master stood before a large black-board, with a mathematical class around him—but he saw them coming—smiled, bowed low and gracefully, and lifting his arm-chair from the platform, set it out in the aisle. Mr. Kent accepted it smilingly, placed his wife in it, and then, with Florence beside him, took the unoccupied end of a bench. For a single moment the slightest perceptible flush was visible on the master's pale face, and just the least semblance of quaver in his voice—but it soon passed off, and he towered up above his young disciples, as firm and impassable as a marble pillar. The exercises were exceedingly well-conducted and seemed to give general satisfaction. Difficult problems were solved—Greek and Latin compositions exhibited—localities described—rivers traced—verbs conjugated—in fine, Mr. Kenilworth's scholars proved themselves to be well versed in good, sound English, and pretty fairly on with the classics. Then came Declamation and Compositions. The larger boys showed off their oratorical genius in such efforts as Webster's Reply to Hayne, employing, perhaps, a little more force of utterance and freedom of gesticulation than that dignified statesman would have approved of, but upon the whole acquitting themselves in quite a praiseworthy manner, and to the exceeding edification of most of their hearers, especially of certain worthy farmers, who wiped their eyes with ample silk handkerchiefs and indulged in prophetic visions of a green old age, when their boys would figure conspicuously in the political halls of the nation. The medium class indulged in such effusions as "Lochiel's Warning" and "To be, or not to be," with a vehement ardor that critical fellows like Hamlet might have called "Tearing a passion into tatters," but which, nevertheless, pleased the literary ladies of Rockville immensely, and brought down quite a shower of bouquets. And the small boys did themselves great honor with "Ye Mariners of England" and "You'd scarce expect one of my age," after which the whole corps of declaimers received a stunning storm of applause. The young ladies were equally successful with their compositions. Three or four on such themes as "Childhood's Pleasures," "Early Memories" and "Vanished Joys," were universally admired, and one especially, written on satin paper, linked with blue ribbon, called "Buried Hopes," which was read quite pathetically by a delicate miss of fourteen, threw the whole of Rockville into a paroxysm of weeping. The villagers had never been more pleased, not even at the Attorney's party, and when the slanting rays of the setting sun gilded the rustling foliage of the oak boughs, and the performances ended, they went home with a better opinion of the schoolmaster than they had ever entertained before.

The schoolmaster himself was not at all dissatisfied, and as his scholars crowded around him, he interspersed his farewells with words of praise and commendation, which sent them shouting over the green, elated and happy. Then he locked up the little brown house for vacation, and passed on through the chatting groups, to pay his respects to farmer Kent and his family. He was glad to see them—felt much flattered because of their attendance—wished them a pleasant good-evening; and not haughtily, but with dignified politeness, was bowing himself away, when the old farmer's voice arrested him.

"Mr. Kenilworth, you've had confinement enough for the present—instead of returning to that little prison of yours at Pettengill's, take a seat in the carriage, and go up and spend the evening at my house."

Notwithstanding his habitual self-possession, the young man was thrown completely off his guard. A crimson flush swept up to the very summit of his cliff-like forehead, and he stood for a moment with his hat uplifted, as if struck into sudden petrifaction. Then he glanced towards Florence for direction, but she had lowered her veil. The old farmer did not pretend to conceal the enjoyment this little drama afforded him, and it would in all probability have been considerably prolonged had not Mrs. Kent interposed her assistance.

"Mr. Kenilworth," she said, kindly, flashing her illuminating smile upon the bewildered young man, "you look a little wearied by your recent confinement—consent to abandon your books for one evening, and give us the pleasure of your company."

He did not need a second invitation. Calm, self-composed, but with a grateful joy diffusing all his features, he handed the ladies to their seats, took his own beside the old farmer, and the carriage rolled off, and the villagers, Attorney Kenilworth among them, looked after it and wondered.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY OF THE ANTLERS.

"Take off that Quaker-looking dress, and put on something pretty before you come down," said Mr. Kent, as he met Florence on her way to her chamber. She held out her arms towards him, but did not speak, she could command no words then to give expression to her feelings. He drew her close to his breast, and for a few moments she lay there sobbing like a child. Then he said, cheerfully:

"Come, come; don't spoil your eyes—dress quick and come down—Mr. Kenilworth has no one to entertain him."

"O, father!" she murmured, lifting her swimming eyes to his face, "what can I ever do to repay you for this?"

"Be my happy little girl again," he answered, half laughing, half crying, "and don't mope about the house and break your old father's heart."

The sudden gleam of joy that flashed over her fair face assured him that his request would not be unheeded, and he went down with a feeling of deeper satisfaction perhaps than he would have experienced in having a crowned king for his son-in-law.

When Florence entered her chamber, not even the thought that the schoolmaster was awaiting her reappearance could move her for the moment to action. She threw off her hat and shawl, and sank down by the window in a kind of blissful languor. Her happiness was so sudden and so great, that it actually oppressed her, like the intense perfume of blossoms. All that she had ever dreamed of or imagined had come suddenly into her possession. She was blest—not a single desire remained to be gratified; yet, in the very midst of all this overwhelming joy, she was conscious of a lingering sense of pain—an indistinct, indescribable something, that filled her eyes with tears, even while her heart was full to overflowing with purest bliss. Almost without the power of her own volition, her eyes turned towards the picture of Gertrude, and she murmured, in a dreamy whisper, the lines beneath, dwelling on and repeating the closing words, "I never will forsake thee."

But the musical swell of the evening breeze trailing the vines at her window, and the deepening gray of twilight, roused her from this foolish, or it may be prophetic revery; and, after having made a hasty but becoming toilet, she descended to the hall. The grave schoolmaster must have thought her almost divine as she glided in at the lofty doorway, her white robes fluttering around her, her amber tresses gleaming through their lucid net of pearls—at any rate, he rose to his feet and stood like one doing homage, until she crossed the room and seated herself in a dusky corner.

"Don't hide yourself over there in the shadow, puss," said her father, cheerily, "take this cushion and come into company; I'm just going to tell Mr. Kenilworth the story of the antlers."

She brought the cushion and sat down at his feet, and the old man continued:

"As I was saying, Mr. Kenilworth, I was a sorry fellow in my young days—up to all manner of trickery, and idle and extravagant in the bargain. Clifford takes after me, poor fellow! At my father's death, which occurred when I was about twenty-one, I was left sole owner and proprietor of this plantation. For awhile I tried to farm and keep steady, but it wouldn't do. The old house was so gray and cheerless, and the crickets kept up such a lonesome chirping at night, that I almost lost my senses. A bachelor's life's no life at all, Mr. Kenilworth."

Mr. Kenilworth bowed his acquiescence, and the farmer continued:

"Well, I hired a man to take care of things, and taking all my loose change with me, started upon a real wild-goose expedition. I scoured the whole country from Maine to Mexico—camped out with the Indians—hunted buffalo on the prairies—and indulged my vagrant propensities to their full extent. Late in the fall, bronzed and roughened from constant exposure, and something of a savage in dress and manners, I turned my face homeward.

"A picturesque village and a strip of good hunting ground caught my fancy on the route; so I sent my companions on ahead, and took quarters in a neighboring tavern, promising to follow at my leisure. The place was alive with game. Every day I brought in a turkey or two, or a brace of pheasants, but these were common achievements, and one morning I determined, if I failed to start a deer that day, to resume my journey the next. It was a fine morning in October, the air keen and bracing, and the whole forest glittering like gold in the early sunlight. I started off at a break-neck speed, with my dogs at my horse's heels. On we went for miles and miles, sometimes in the open fields, and again in the depths of the forest. I shot a great, kingly gobler and swung him across my saddle, then a pheasant, and after awhile another, but no deer. At last we came to a kind of ravine terminating in a frightful chasm. My dogs gave a peculiar cry, and glancing across, I saw, on the opposite side, a beautiful, agile creature, tossing his antlers in the air and bounding lightly over the brushwood. Almost wild with excitement, I urged my horse to the very brink of the chasm, raised my gun to my shoulder and fired. I was a good shot then, Mr. Kenilworth, and I didn't miss. I saw the noble animal make a sudden bound upward, and then fall heavily to the ground—but while I saw it, the shelving bank gave way beneath my horse's feet, and he went headlong down the precipice, pitching me over his shoulders. The next thing I knew, I was lying up on the opposite bank, and the prettiest creature I ever set eyes on was supporting my head on her arm and bathing my temples with water. She refused to make any explanation then, and insisted that I should keep perfectly silent—and I was willing enough to obey—but I learned afterwards that she and her brother were on a stroll in the forest, and chanced to come upon me, senseless and bleeding, with my horse lying dead beside me.

"Her brother soon returned with a carriage, and took me up to his father's; and for one round month that pretty creature nursed me night and day. I could have throttled the doctor for curing me, but he did—and I was obliged to get up and think about taking my departure. But it almost set me crazy, and I was seriously contemplating trying a second leap down the precipice, when, one evening, Alice (that was her name) and her brother took me out on a hunt for chesnuts. Somehow or other, we got separated in the course of the ramble, and Alice and I, instead of gathering chesnuts, sat down on the brink of a little brook to talk. We talked about books and flowers and hunting, and about my narrow escape, then about my departure—and finally—but I don't exactly remember how it was now—but I do remember that we concluded that, when I went home, she was to accompany me. And she did. About a month after, we were married, and came home together, and brought the antlers with us. And you see, Mr. Kenilworth," he continued, with a significant wink and broad, good-humored smile, "knowing as I do what a worthless scapegrace I've been in my time, I can't find it in my heart to be too hard upon young folks."

Florence dropped her eyes in blushing embarrassment; but the schoolmaster bowed and smiled, and soon after made a remark about the beauty of the evening, and then making his desire to see how Florence's parterre was prospering an excuse, they went out to the garden, and lingered in the summer-house until the tinkle of the tea-bell recalled them. After that night, scarcely a day passed that did not bring Mr. Kenilworth to the farm-house. He became right-hand man with the old farmer, whose impulsive nature always kept him in an extreme, either one way or the other—rode with him round his farm—and made himself usefully agreeable. With Mrs. Kent he also became a prime favorite. To tell the truth, this grave schoolmaster, for all his shyness and reserve, had a strange power, when once acquainted, of winning his way into people's affections. There was something in his graceful manner and quiet, unobtrusive pleasantness—in his forgetfulness of self and unfailing deference to others, that made him almost irresistible. And then he was such a companion. That pale face of his could radiate and sparkle with mirth, or light up with the sublimity of grandest pathos. And his mind was a perfect storehouse, filled with all manner of rare and costly treasures. One month after his first visit, the farmer and his wife would not have exchanged him for a crowned king.

And, of course, Florence was equally contented. He was her all in all—the one great, crowning blessing of her life, for which her heart sent up day and night a cloud of grateful incense. And she, on the other hand, was the perfect ideal of his fondest fancy—the full completion of his every earthly desire. And yet, not only in external but in internal attributes, they were exceedingly unlike. But nature is a wonderful harmonizer, capable of producing from seeming discords the most entrancing melody, and of combining dissimilarities into admirable adaptiveness. She wreaths her knotted oaks with clinging rose-vines, and fringes her beetling cliffs with fair anemones—and to her high, ethereal souls, she gives strong hearts and brave, supporting hands. Horace Kenilworth was a genius—a poet in the highest sense of the term. To be sure, the world was not aware of it, and in all probability never would be, for he belonged to that class who "never sing, but die with all their music in them," and in many cases they are the truest poets. Florence was not at all his equal in this respect, her mind was not creative, but, like a translucent brook, it was capable of truthfully reflecting the minutest outline of every object that came within range of its surface—she was also highly appreciative, and a veritable worshipper of everything like talent or genius. And after all the harping on congeniality, appreciation is often more desirable in wedded life. Incompatibility of temper is the grand excuse for all domestic ruptures, but it is something we do not much believe in. Variety is the spice of life the world over, and like allied to like produces almost invariably dissatisfaction and disgust. It is only natural to suppose that a poetess would be, of all others, the most congenial companion for a poet—yet Mephistopheles himself could not consort a more ill-suited pair. Their very similarities would jar and clash against each other with hideous discord. Give to a man of genius, not a poet, sensitive and exacting like himself—but a woman with a great, worshipful nature, free, bountiful and overflowing—a woman to reverence his attributes, appreciate his efforts and glory in his success; and the result will be love, harmony and unspeakable content. Such a companion was Florence to the schoolmaster, and he, in return, enshrined her in the inner sanctuary of his soul, burning before her day and night the fragrant incense of his devotion, crowning and enrobing her with the golden radiance of his wondrous fancy—and she, simple and practical and unostentatious as she was, loved to see herself thus loved, to stand there like a goddess, crowned and glorified and worshipped.

And thus the summer days wheeled after one another in a golden maze, interspersed with nights of dreamy splendor, until autumn unrolled her canvas and set all the world ablaze with gorgeous coloring. Letters came once in awhile from Clifford; he was well and doing well, and would return when he grew tired of wandering. But for their solicitude concerning him, the inmates of the farm-house would have been perfectly happy, without a single care to shadow their domestic bliss—even as it was, their joy was almost perfect. And yet the ominous storm-cloud still hung overhead, rolling up fold after fold of solemn blackness, and shooting out at intervals gleams of prophetic fire, almost ready to pour down its destructive fury upon their unconscious heads.

CHAPTER XII.

A DOUBLE SURPRISE IN ROCKVILLE.

Contrary to his previous resolutions, Horace Kenilworth resumed his duties in the little brown schoolhouse at the end of the summer vacation, to the extreme delight of his young disciples, and much to the satisfaction of the people of Rockville. He had previously made up his mind to leave the village and look up a more lucrative office, but farmer Kent steadily opposed it. Indeed the old gentleman seemed to have undergone a complete transformation, for he was now as eager for the match between his daughter and the schoolmaster, as he had hitherto been opposed to it. His nature was like his son's—one of extreme extremes. Whatsoever he determined to do, he did speedily and with all his might. He had made up his mind to let Florence marry the schoolmaster, and from that moment his whole heart was set upon it, and he went to work with his natural impetuosity, anxious to bring the matter to a consummation at the earliest possible moment. Consequently he turned a deaf ear to the young man's talk of leaving. No indeed—he wouldn't hear to it—Rockville was just as good as any other place—any one that failed to get along there would fail anywhere else—rolling stones were not apt to gather moss. Mr. Kenilworth mustn't think of such a thing; he must hold on to his school, and be economical and thrifty; and if he and Florence loved one another, and had made up their minds to get married, they must do it at once. He didn't believe in long engagements—had no notion of seeing a young couple kept apart for years, moping and pining away the prime of their life. He and Alice were not acquainted with each other more than two months before they were married, and he thought they had got on pretty well—Florence must follow their example. If she intended to marry the schoolmaster, she must do so just as soon as she could get ready—Christmas would be the very time. He intended to give them a real, old-fashioned country wedding—and then they should live at the farm-house—for he would not hear to letting Florence leave him—and the schoolmaster might lay by what he could of his annual salary.

Of course, the schoolmaster did not object—on the contrary, he seemed almost bewildered by this sudden and unlooked-for happiness, and half believed himself at times to be the dupe of a beautiful dream, and feared lest he should ere long awake and find himself the friendless and solitary occupant of Dr. Pettengill's attic chamber. But it did not so happen, and by degrees the dream began to merge itself into a blissful reality. He was in truth the acknowledged son-in-law of the jolly old farmer—the affianced husband of Florence, the sole ideal of his brightest and fondest fancy. And she loved him, that was the rarest wonder of all; the shy, self-depreciating schoolmaster could scarcely bring himself to believe it. She was so fair and lovely, so gentle and graceful, and so spirited and sparkling withal—and she might have had her choice among the wealthiest men in the State—might have married his cousin, the Attorney, and been mistress of Kenilworth Hall—yet she loved him, a poor, friendless man, with nothing in the world but his true heart to offer her. It was something of a wonder, but it was a truth nevertheless, and it glorified the young man's life with a kind of idealistic splendor. There was no more doubting or desponding; a sudden burst of gladdest light had swept off every cloud—the broad, blue heavens hung serenely overhead, and he stood beneath, ready and willing to accept the task assigned him. Rockville seemed no longer a petty village; the little brown schoolhouse did not cramp and imprison his aspirations; all his discontent was gone. The fir-clad mountains, the strip of forest, and the belting river were the boundaries of his world; within their silver circle was a realm of highest hope and divinest bliss, beyond the confines of which there did not exist for him a single attraction. He returned to his daily labors like one transfigured—his cliff-like brow, hitherto veiled in mournful mist, was crowned with broad, bright sunshine—all his great soul melted into rills of tenderest love for God and also for his fellow-men.

The good people of Rockville were for the time utterly confounded. That Florence Kent should accept the shy, shiftless schoolmaster in preference to the prosperous Attorney—and that too with her father's sanction—was something entirely beyond their comprehension. It was so nevertheless, and, leaving the whys and wherefores as inscrutable mysteries, they learned by degrees to accept the truth as one of the world's wonders. Once accepted and firmly credited, this truth began to effect a decided change in their feelings. How or for what reasons they were scarcely conscious themselves; it seemed to grow upon them almost imperceptibly, and to influence their outward expressions entirely independent of their own volition. According to Clifford's prediction, the scale was beginning to turn; not that the Attorney was being lowered, but his cousin was gradually ascending. Old men, who had a month or two before passed him in silence, stopped him in the lane for a word of greeting; and young ones lifted their hats as they passed by the door of his schoolhouse. Mothers and fathers dropped in once in a while to hear his evening recitations, and a benevolent old lady actually went so far as to send him a mince-pie for his dinner by her two cherry cheeked daughters. He was a right good sort of a fellow after all, and, notwithstanding his peculiarities, made an excellent teacher; and the people of Rockville suddenly convinced of the fact, resolved unanimously to treat him civilly. The schoolmaster perceived the change, but did not wonder as to what had caused it—indeed, he had ceased to wonder at anything of late—one great, sweet surprise had so overwhelmed and bewildered him.

And what thought our friend the Attorney of all these unlooked-for revolutions? Perhaps he failed to notice them, for he had just been unanimously elected to represent the people in their State Legislature. What cared the Attorney for the petty events and changes of Rockville? Affairs greater and more momentous occupied his attention and kept him within his lordly halls in statesmanlike seclusion.

In the meantime, autumn had well-nigh unrolled her gorgeous canvas—the white, bleak hills of winter were already beginning to loom up in the northern distance. Farmer Kent thought it was high-time for Florence to begin her preparations. The roads would soon be rough and impassable—she must go down to town and purchase her bridal outfit before the winter set in. They went—Florence and her father and mother—and returned after two days' fatiguing travel with the necessary articles. Miss Tabby must make her wedding dress, and do all the other sewing that she could not do herself—so said her father—he had no notion of patronizing strangers and leaving his own neighbors to starve—and, besides, a fine fandangle, all furbelows and feathers, would not look half as pretty as a neat dress of Miss Tabby's making; and it would help the poor, desolate thing, she had no one to provide for her, and winter was coming.

Accordingly, on a bright evening in November, Florence gathered up her satins and flowers and laces, and driven by old Jockey the groomsman, went down to consult with her milliner. The sunlight lay warm and bright upon the tawny bosom of the mountains, and gilded the rippling waters of the river, and flashed in flickering glances through the russet oak boughs and amid the tossing plumes of the pine grove, as they drove along; and Florence thought, as she pressed her face against the window of the old carriage, she had never seen the world so full of peace and beauty. But a vivid blush dyed her cheeks, and a tremulous smile played about her lips, as they turned up the lane to the village and the merry shouts of the schoolboys broke on her ear. But what were the schoolboys shouting at that time in the evening for? It was full two hours before the time for closing; yet the schoolhouse was shut up, and the scholars at play upon the green. Could the master be ill? With an almost stifling heart-throb, she turned to the little room at Dr. Pettengill's. It was closed also, with the blind shut in. Where could Mr. Kenilworth have gone? On a walk perhaps, or over the mountain to the farm-house. The latter supposition seemed to satisfy her, and she smiled and blushed, and gathered her packages together and alighted beneath the golden maple leaves at Miss Tabby's door.

The little milliner could find no words to express her delight. Half tremulous with excitement, she led the way through the parlor and deposited Florence and her bundles in the little back-room, in which Mary Lane sat at work; where, after a few preliminary remarks, the young girl blushingly told her business.

"Now you don't mean to say so, do you, Miss Florence?" exclaimed Miss Tabby, her eyes filling up with tears. "That you want me to make your weddin' dress? I did calculate to do some o' your plain work, but I never thought o' that—and you say your father proposed it? Well, I shan't forget him for it in a hurry, you may depend on it. It's not because I care for what I shall get for it, Miss Florence, it's the honor o' the thing—I like for folks to see that my work's respected. You shan't repent your bargain, Miss Florence—it shall be the neatest job that ever the people o' Rockville set eyes on, shan't it, Mary?"

Mary looked up and tried to smile, but the effort was evidently a painful one. Sadly, sadly had her young face changed in the last few months. The glossy bands of hair and the white forehead were the same, but the cheeks and lips, once so fresh and bright, were pale and faded, and the dark eyes had that deep, far-off expression which is the sure sign of hidden sorrow. How mournfully she contrasted with the fair, hopeful girl beside her! One a broken-hearted mourner, the other a happy bride. It must be thus—

"The'a let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play,
For some must watch while some must weep,
Thus sloals the world away."

But "I never did set my eyes on sich material," smiled Miss Tabby, unrolling first one and then another package; "jest look at these laces, as soft and white as snow flakes—and this satin, jest as glossy as a swan's breast—and, bless my heart, sich flowers! To loop up the skirt and trim the front, I s'pose. Well, I do say, they're the prettiest I ever set eyes on. Look at this cluster of lilies, Mary—ain't they beauties?"

Mary said they were very pretty, looked up again and tried to smile—but, as she did so, a single tear overflowed her heavy eyelids, and fell like a pearl on the black silk basque she was trimming.

"Let me take the measure for your dress, Miss Florence," continued Miss Tabby, rising to her feet and turning back the cuffs of her drab-colored dress. "I want to get about it as soon as possible—I always like to have time enough, and work'll be crowdin' in towards Christmas. I s'pose you want it low neck and short sleeves with a bertha?"

Florence said she left it entirely to Miss Tabby, and, with a good deal of embarrassment and blushing, stood up to be measured. The little milliner was just in the act of taking the length of the skirt, the soft, silvery satin slipping in glistening folds through her fingers, when there came a sharp rap at the outer door.

"It's a pity people can't stay away when a body's in a hurry," she said, pettishly, gathering up the satin and piling it upon a chair. "I've set my mind upon measurin' that dress this evenin'—and I mean to do it—jest wait—I'll be back in a minnit, Miss Florence."

Florence sat down in the midst of her bridal adornments, and watched Mary's nimble fingers as they arranged the pretty bugle-trimming, wondering what it was that had parted her and Clifford, and wishing she could do something to bring about a reconciliation between them. So great was her pity for the pale, sad-looking girl, that she had half determined to broach the subject, when a woman's shrill voice arrested her attention.

"Have you heard the news, Miss Tabby?" it squeaked, in harsh, gossiping tones.

"No, I haven't," replied Miss Tabby, shortly, vexed at being detained.

"Haven't you heard the news? Why, bless me, it's all over the village."

"No, I haven't heard it."

"Not the news about Horace Kenilworth?" continued the gossip, elevating her voice.

"No, what is it?" said Miss Tabby, curiosity getting the better of impatience.

"Why he's forged a note for five thousand dollars on old Hughes, the miser, and run off with the money."

Florence and Mary looked at each other for a moment in blank amazement, then the former rose up and passed calmly out to the parlor.

"What was it you said concerning Mr. Kenilworth, Madam?" she asked, in a clear, unfaltering voice, confronting the astonished woman.

"Why they say—it's all over the village," stammered the gossip, somewhat embarrassed by the sudden appearance of Florence, "that he's forged a note on old Hughes, and has run off with the money."

"Has Mr. Kenilworth left the village?"

"Yes, Miss, he went off in last night's train."

"Well it's all a mistake, and will be satisfactorily explained in time, Madam," she said, with dignity—then turning to Miss Tabby, who seemed to have lost all power of speech or motion—"I must return home now—we'll attend to those things hereafter. Good evening."

"Drive home as quickly as possible, Jockey," she said, as she entered the carriage; and the old man drove away, past the brown schoolhouse beneath the clump of oaks, past the closed window at Dr. Pettengill's, and past the excited villagers, collected in groups at every corner, speculating, surmising and prophesying over their second wonder.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARREST.

When Florence reached home, she found her father looking out for her on the steps of the porch.

"Florence, my poor, precious child," he said, brokenly, folding her in his arms.

She looked up in his face—it was full of pitying sorrow.

"You have heard the news then, father?" she said.

"Yes, my child, I have heard it."

"Then go down to the village, father—and undeceive the people—they are laboring under a great mistake."

"How can I undeceive them, Florence?"

"Why prove to them that Horace is innocent."

"What proof have I, my poor child?"

She drew back in utter astonishment.

"Father, you don't believe these reports?"

"No, no, I don't believe 'em; but what can I say to the people? Horace is gone, and evidences are strongly against him. Did you know he intended to leave the village?"

"No, Sir."

"Did he tell you nothing about it?"

"No, Sir."

The old man shook his head in doubtful perplexity.

"It's a strange piece of business—I can't see into it, Florence. What could have called him away so suddenly? Do you know of any business matters, or anything of the kind, he had to attend to?"

"No, Sir."

At this moment Mrs. Kent joined them, with a note in her hand.

"One of Dr. Pettengill's boys has just brought it," she said; "he says Mr. Kenilworth told him to bring it early this morning, but he forgot it."

Florence tore it open, and read:

"MY OWN DEAR FLORENCE:—An unexpected circumstance forces me to leave Rockville to-night; but I shall be back in the course of a week. It is a great trial to leave without seeing you—however, it will but make your presence the sweeter when I return. Forgive me for keeping the object of my journey secret, I want to give you a little surprise. It is sufficient to say that, in this and in all my future actions, the promotion of your happiness and gratification is, and will be, my sole aim and object. Until we meet again, as ever, your devoted

"HORACE."

Crumpling the note in her hand, she looked from her father to her mother, as if to divine their thoughts.

"What does it mean, Florence?" said the old man, sadly.

"Mean, father?" she answered, placidly. "Why, just what it says. Horace has been called off, and these foolish people of Rockville have, somehow or other, got hold of this marvellous story."

The old man shook his head.

"There are strong evidences against him, Florence. One of Brown's sons brought me the news. He says the bankers have the check in their possession, and it is unmistakably a forgery; and, moreover, that Horace Kenilworth presented it, and drew out the amount on last Monday week—and now he's off, no one knows where. And the officers have gone in pursuit of him."

"Father, do you believe it?" she asked, earnestly.

"Believe what, child?"

"That Horace forged that note?"

"I don't want to believe it, Florence—God knows I don't—but I can't see how to get over it."

She turned towards her mother.

"Mother," she asked, plaintively, "do you believe it?"

"No, my daughter, not a word of it," was the firm, unshaken answer.

A faint smile gleamed over her fair face.

"I'm glad, mother," she said, softly; "I'm glad some one thinks poor Horace innocent besides myself."

Then she passed on, and going up to her chamber, knelt down before the picture of Gertrude, and began to repeat in a kind of whisper the

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, October 1, 1862.

OUR STATE MILITIA.

The militia of our Commonwealth ordered out by Gov. Curtin for the defence of the State against invasion, the peril being over, have returned again to the peaceful pursuits which occupied them before the danger threatened. Gov. Curtin, in his proclamation of the 24th, ordering the militia home, recommends that measures should be taken for preserving their organizations, that their numbers should be filled up, and that in every county and town new organizations of the same kind should be formed to be armed by the State. We presume that every man of the eighty thousand who went at the call of the Governor to defend his State, will desire his name placed on the record. This can only be done effectually by the preservation of the companies, and all the papers in respect to their organization. Few men ever worked as hard or faced as much for the time they were in the service as did these. From about Saturday of one week to the Monday week following was all the time that the foremost of these men were absent from Harrisburg in the Cumberland Valley. Yet in that time they not only formed in the rear as a reserve in case of any accident to McClellan's army, but they advanced to meet the enemy some miles beyond Hagerstown. The Pennsylvania Blues were actually engaged in skirmishing with the enemy, and some of the horses, at least, were killed in the fighting. Very many of the regiments were drawn up in line of battle for two or three days with loaded muskets and sleeping on their arms at night in momentary expectation of the enemy.

Some of Stuart's cavalry came even in sight of our pickets, who would have fired upon them had they not been uncertain whether they were friends or foes at the moment. A battery just in front of the line was, in fact, engaged in shelling the enemy, who were feeling their strength. Nor does there seem to be any doubt in the minds of those best calculated to form an opinion, that, but for the fact of our strength being communicated to the rebels by signal, there would have been an attack in force. The signals, which consisted of ringing certain farm bells in a given order of succession, varied by the blowing of a horn, were distinctly heard at a distance, showing probably that some of the farmers in the neighborhood were friendly and in league with the rebels, and that they regarded our strength and precautions as more than sufficient. These facts, which cannot be questioned, and many more that could easily be obtained, are more than sufficient to vindicate the wisdom and energy of Gov. Curtin in calling out the troops when he did. Never has so peaceful a State so suddenly and so effectually sent into the field so large and well-prepared a force—one which has repelled an invasion from our border and assisted a neighboring State to expel the marauders from hers.

Those who have returned express their approbation of the military arrangements made for their comfort on so sudden a call. They returned home in good health and spirits, and ready to enter again the service of their State or even of the United States, should the occasion demand it. Indeed it is believed that a large number from each of these returned companies will be ready to volunteer between now and the middle of October, so that the draft will be more than supplied by volunteers. In this respect the work of the week of drilling and getting together a force like that raised by Pennsylvania has not been lost. It is a fact that eighty thousand men were mustered, transported hundreds of miles, officered, provisioned, accoutered, armed, and drawn up in line of battle ready to receive and drive back a foe, in less than a week. They have returned home stronger, better, happier men, and the amount of real military education as a force to repel invasion by this means is worth all the cost, and reflects the highest credit on our State and United States authorities.

QUESTION OF PERSONAL LIBERTY.

An important case has just been before the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, which, as presented by the Boston Journal, shows in a strong light the perilous nature of the times in which we live, and which, stated briefly, is as follows:

On the 27th of August, twelve citizens of Epping, New Hampshire, signed a certificate which asserted that "*about one year ago*," Dr. Nathaniel Batchelder, of that place "made a speech, in which he publicly stated, in a loud voice, that he had rather live under the administration of Jeff Davis than under Abe Lincoln, and that Jeff Davis could not be put down." They also charged him with having uttered at the same time a great deal of abuse against the officers of the United States, and in company with about twenty other persons, having torn down a flag of the United States from over the door of the Post-office and carried it away.

They also say that he has on many occasions "expressed sentiments inimical to our government," and in favor of the success of the Confederate States, and that at a meeting of the inhabitants of the town he made a speech, in which he said that "three-fourths of the volunteers would be killed and go to hell, and that they did not go from patriotic motives, but for money; that they had always been whipped, and in his opinion they always would be," and adding "many other things of a like character."

On the next day one of the twelve signers of the certificate made oath before a Justice of the Peace "that the matters therein stated are in his belief true;" and Dr. Batchelder, upon this affidavit, was arrested immediately by the United States Marshal, and imprisoned in Fort Constitution, where he still remains.

On the eighth day of September, Dr. Batchelder applied to the Hon. Samuel D. Bell, Chief Justice of New Hampshire, for the writ of *habeas corpus*.

The writ of *habeas corpus* was promptly granted by Judge Bell, and was served on Mr. Ela, the U. S. Marshal, on the 9th of September. On the 17th, no return having been made, Dr. Bachelder filed with the Chief Justice a motion for an attachment against Mr. Ela, to compel obedience to the writ. He accompanied this motion with an affidavit, stating that he was still in confinement at the fort, that his practice as a physician and other business is suffering by his imprisonment, and that his health has become seriously impaired by the confinement and exposure to the chilling winds of the ocean, to which he has not been accustomed.

He further declared that the charges contained in the paper signed by G. G. Durgin, and others, are wholly false, that he has not discouraged enlistments, nor been guilty of any disloyal practice against the State or the United States, nor of any offence except the free expression of his opinions on political subjects.

On the 19th of September Mr. Ela appeared at Manchester, with Hon. Daniel Clark as counsellor, to make return of the writ, and produced a letter written to him by authority of the Secretary of War, dated Washington, Sept. 13th, in which he states that by authority of the President the writ of *habeas corpus* has been suspended in all cases of arrest for "disloyal practices," and that after giving to the Court these facts, should any attempt be made by the civil authority of the State to release the prisoner, "the Secretary directs that you appeal for support and protection in the discharge of your duties, to the military force of the United States in your vicinity."

Upon the reading of the return of the writ, the counsel for Dr. Batchelder contended that the return is insufficient and evasive, because it does not submit the case to the determination of the Judge, and because the prisoner was not personally brought up, according to the statute and the command of the writ.

After argument by Counsel, the Chief Justice said that it seemed to him inexpedient and useless to the prisoner, to issue an order for an attachment which could not be enforced; that the Government of the United States had plainly expressed their determination to resist by force any attempt of the civil authority to deliver the prisoner, and that he received this not as a threat, but as the announcement of a settled resolution, which, with the vast armies under their control, they had the ability to execute against any power which the State can command for the enforcement of the law. He therefore declined to take further action in the case, and Dr. Batchelder is still held in confinement upon the affidavit of Daniel Dow, one of the signers of the certificate, without trial, during such time as may suit the Secretary of War or the President.

THE POSTAL CURRENCY.

It is now over four months since the government decided to adopt a postal currency—in other words, to issue notes of various denominations from five cents upwards—which should be receivable at any post-office for stamps, and should supply the deficiency in a circulating medium. In the meantime the people, forbidden to use individual shinplasters, reluctantly adopted the use of ordinary postage stamps as a temporary expedient.

Weeks and months rolled on, and at last it was announced that some of the new postal currency would be ready for distribution at the Sub-Treasury. Great crowds gathered about the doors, and in two hours the whole supply was exhausted. For three or four days these scenes were repeated, when the supply failed to come, and an oracular voice fulminated from the Sub-Treasury the decree that the distribution would be suspended till further notice. Yesterday, after a week's pause, a further limited supply was transferred to the public, and again the doors are closed. To-day the following placard adorns the Sub-Treasury doors and windows: "No postal currency; application useless."

In the meantime there set in a reaction in favor of the postage stamps, and unable to get anything else, the change-seeking public flocked to the different post-offices to supply themselves. This demand aroused the fears of the Post-office Department, and a manifesto has just appeared advising the people not to buy more stamps, as there are not enough for mail facilities. This is, as alleged, because certain persons persistently divert postage stamps from their legitimate purposes by circulating them in packages, together with cancelled stamps, as currency. This may be true, for the receivers of the little envelopes so much in vogue now, usually accept them for the amount named on the back, without taking the trouble to count or examine every stamp.

All this trouble is, however, entirely owing to the tardiness of the government in issuing the new postal currency. It seems absurd to claim that it is impossible to get it out faster. Everybody knows that if the contract were in private hands it would have been filled long ago. No merchant wishing a supply of labels would endure the delay which our government apparently permits those who may have in charge the manufacture of the new currency to saddle it with—and the people who are willing to adopt this government currency, thus practically lending the government vast sums of money without interest, are the real sufferers by the delay.

There are stringent rules against the selling of this new currency at a premium; yet, when it is at once so scarce and so much sought after, it is almost impossible to enforce this rule. The brokers, therefore, have an ingenious way of evading it. They demand for every two dollars of the new currency which they sell, one dollar in bank bills and one dollar in silver. Now, as silver rules at fourteen per cent. premium, the premium on the postal currency in these transactions is practically seven per cent.

Some few restaurant keepers, we observe, have resumed the issue of tickets, and their regular customers generally accept them, though the acceptance is, of course, not enforced by the issuer. This and other evils are all caused by the incredible delay in the manufacture and distribution of the new currency—a delay which certainly demands some official explanation.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamer Anglo-Saxon brings five days later news from Europe.

The late excitement has subsided.

Garibaldi's health is somewhat worse.

The Polish nobles, at Warsaw, have adopted an address offensive to the government.

The City of Baltimore has arrived from Liverpool. On her way she passed the Australasian, bound out.

Paris correspondents of the London papers say that Napoleon will undoubtedly favor the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and that Count Mercier has been ordered to make an attempt to put an end to the war, for the sake of humanity.

The London Times indulges in another fling at America. It argues that the United States Government is brought to the verge of ruin, and generally applauds the South and derides the North.

It is reported that the rebels are building a ram on the Mersey. They have also purchased a number of vessls.

WAR ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

The draft has been postponed in New York until the 10th proximo, and in Pennsylvania until the 16th.

General Buell has arrived at Louisville with his army, and Munfordsville has been retaken by our troops.

The Southern conscription act is being rigidly enforced around Lexington and other points occupied by the rebels.

The guerrilla war in Kentucky continues. A body of rebels was routed, and one of their number killed by the Union cavalry at Middletown.

The town of Augusta, Ky., has been burned by the rebel cavalry. It is a small town on the Ohio river, about forty miles from Cincinnati.

Gen. Prince and other officers, captured from the late army of Gen. Pope, have been released by the rebels, and arrived at Annapolis last evening.

The Richmond Enquirer admits the rebel loss in the battle of Iuka to have been 260, including Gen. Little killed and three colonels wounded.

Gen. Hunter informed the committee on serenades who waited on him that he would do anything to carry out the principles of the proclamation, except make a speech. That he could not do.

Gen. Pope telegraphs that a sharp engagement had taken place with the Sioux near the Yellow Medicine. Thirty Indians were killed. Of our troops five were killed and thirty-four wounded.

A balloon reconnoissance, made on Friday, between Harper's Ferry and Williamsport, leads to the belief that there is no large force of the enemy in the Shenandoah valley, near Harper's Ferry.

Forces of rebels, to the number of 12,000, under Hindman and Rains, are reported to be at Granby Mines, a town in Newton county, Mo., near the Arkansas line. Gen. Schofield is preparing to march against them.

The Washington Star says that for twenty-four hours past it has been currently stated that the President designs at once issuing a call for an additional draft that will increase our army in the field to one million of men. We trust the rumor may prove true, though we are not able to say so.

Prizes, worth in the aggregate over twenty millions, have been captured by the vessels of our navy since the rebellion has commenced, yet not one cent, it is said, has been paid to the sailors.

From Newbern we have an interesting account of the battle of Plymouth, N. C., which was fought on the 2d ult. between a considerable force of rebels and two companies of Union troops.

General Schofield has arrived at Springfield, Mo., and will at once commence active preparations to repel the invasion of the State from Arkansas, threatened by Generals Hindman and Rains.

Colonel Jack Hamilton, formerly member of Congress from Texas, has escaped from that State and arrived at New Orleans. He says that there is a strong Union feeling in the western part of Texas.

In the whole of Virginia within the rebel lines they are practising a rigorous system of conscription, enforcing it by establishing pickets to prevent the escape of the men. Many, however, do escape, leaving their families behind.

Governor Curtin has issued a proclamation eulogizing the noble response of the State militia to his late call, and recommending them to maintain their organization for future service. He orders their immediate and honorable discharge.

The War Department has established a Provost Marshal General at Washington, and will appoint, to report to him, provost marshals in all the States, to arrest deserters, traitors, spies, &c., to perform which duties they are empowered to call in any military force which may be at hand.

Our forces have buried three thousand dead rebels on the field where the second battle of Bull Run was fought, and six hundred more remain to bury, besides all who were buried by the rebel army while it occupied the field after the battle. It is clear, therefore, that the rebels killed far outnumbered ours in that battle.

President Lincoln has issued another highly important proclamation, declaring martial law against all persons aiding or abetting the rebellion or discouraging enlistments, subjecting them to trial by court martial instead of by the civil tribunals, and suspending the writ of habeas corpus in all such cases.

Gen. Julius White is now under arrest in Washington, charged with having had something to do with the surrender of Harper's Ferry. A full investigation of the whole matter is to be made at once. Gen. White is from Ohio, and left that State as a colonel of a regiment of volunters. He was made a brigadier for gallant and meritorious services upon several occasions.

Gen. Wright, of Georgia, and Gen. Colquitt, of Alabama, were killed in the battle of Sharpsburg. Gen. Longstreet, of Virginia, Gen. Branch, of North Carolina, and General Anderson of South Carolina, were wounded, with others. The rebels also lost a number of colonels and other officers, and 20,000 rank and file in killed wounded and missing.

The ram Queen of the West, accompanied by two transports with troops and artillery, made a reconnoissance down the Mississippi recently to Uru, forty miles below the mouth of the Arkansas. It was fired into by rebels at Prentiss, and at Island No. 76. The firing was returned and twenty-seven of the rebels were killed. Our forces landed and burned the town. Our loss was three killed and several wounded.

Describing the field of battle of Antietam, a correspondent writes: "The fence posts and panels and the trees of the woods were shivered and scattered in every direction, covering the dead and the wounded, who lay piled up and scattered over miles of the country. They were mostly shot through with Minie bullets, torn with grape and shell, and mangled with cannon ball. Here lay a Wisconsin man, with his hand and leg shot away with a round shot; here lay two Mississippi brothers, one with his head propped against a tree, mortally wounded, and he other by his side, locked in the embrace of death; I saw a fifth Massachusetts man propping the head of a wounded South Carolinian, and filling his canteen with water by draining his own; I saw our Union wounded sharing water and food with the wounded rebels; and I saw, during Wednesday and Thursday, hundreds of rebel wounded succored by the hands of our own soldiers, as they lay on the field."

PRESIDENT'S VIEWS OF EMANCIPATION.

Interview between the Chicago Christian Commission and the President, on September 11.

WHAT PRESIDENT LINCOLN THOUGHT OF THE MATTER THEN—HIS OBJECTIONS TO AN EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

On Sunday, the 7th instant, a meeting was held at Chicago, composed of Christians of all denominations, at which a memorial to the President, urging him to issue an emancipation proclamation was drawn up and a committee appointed to present it to him. This committee have returned and made a report showing what the President's views were upon emancipation as late as September 11th. The committee were courteously received, and on the conclusion of their address the President replied, and their report is as follows:

THE DIFFICULTIES WHICH SURROUND THE SUBJECT.

The subject presented in the memorial is one upon which I have thought much for weeks past, and I may even say for months. I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will. I am sure that either the one or the other class is mistaken in that belief, and perhaps in some respects both. I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say, that if it is possible that God would reveal his will to others, on a point so connected with *my* duty, it might be supposed He would reveal it directly to me. For, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter. *And if I can learn what it is, I will do it!* These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation. I must study the plain, physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible, and learn what appears to be wise and right. This subject is difficult, and good men do not agree. For instance, the other day four gentlemen of standing and intelligence (naming one or two of the number) from New York, called as a delegation on business connected with the war; but before leaving, two of them earnestly beset me to proclaim general emancipation, upon which the other two at once attacked them! You know, also, that the last session of Congress had a decided majority of anti-slavery men, yet they could not unite on this policy. And the same is true of the religious people. Why, the rebel soldiers are praying with a great deal more earnestness, I fear, than our own troops, and expecting God to favor their side; for one of our soldiers who had been taken prisoner told Senator Wilson, a few days since, that he met with nothing so discouraging as the evident sincerity of those he was among in their prayers. But we will talk over the merits of the case.

WHAT GOOD WOULD A PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION DO?

What good would a proclamation of emancipation from me do, especially as we are now situated? I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet! Would my word free the slaves, when I cannot even enforce the constitution in the rebel States? Is there a single court, or magistrate, or individual that would be influenced by it there? And what reason is there to think it would have any greater effect upon the slaves than the late law of Congress, which I approved, and which offers protection and freedom to the slaves of rebel masters who come within our lines? Yet I cannot learn that the law has caused a single slave to come over to us. [The President could not have meant to deny the well known fact, that the slaves have come to us in vast numbers whenever the way was open; but only that he could not trace the influence of that law.] And suppose they could be induced by a proclamation of freedom from me, to throw themselves upon us, what should we do with them? How can we feed and care for such a multitude?

General Butler wrote me, a few days since, that he was issuing more rations to the slaves who have rushed to him, than to all the white troops under his command. They *eat*, and that is all; though it is true General Butler is feeding the whites also, by the thousand, for it nearly amounts to a famine there. If, now, the pressure of the war should call off our white forces from New Orleans, to defend some other point, what is to prevent the masters from reducing the blacks to slavery again? for I am told that whenever the rebels take any blacks prisoners, free or slave, they immediately auction them off! They did so with those they took from a boat that was aground on the Tennessee river, a few days ago. And then I am very ungerously attacked for it! For instance, when, after the late battles at and near Bull Run, an expedition went out from Washington under a flag of truce to bury the dead and bring in the wounded, and the rebels seized the blacks who went along to help, and sent then them into slavery, Horace Greeley said in his paper that the Government would probably do nothing about it. What could I do? [Here your delegation suggested that this was a gross outrage on the flag of truce, which covers and protects all over which it waves, and that whatever he could do if white men had been similarly detained, he could do in this case.]

Now, then, tell me, if you please, what possible result of good would follow the issuing of such a proclamation as you desire? Understand, *I raise no objections against it on legal or constitutional grounds*; for as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, in time of war, I suppose I have a right to take any measure which may best subdue the enemy. Nor do I urge objections of a moral nature, in view of possible consequences of insurrection and massacre of the South. I view the matter as a practical war measure, to be decided upon according to the advantages or disadvantages it may offer to the suppression of the rebellion.

THE REPLY OF THE DELEGATION.

Thus invited, your delegation very willingly made reply, to the following effect, it being understood that a portion of the remarks were intermingled by the way of conversation with those of the President, just given:

We observed (taking up the President's ideas in order) that good men, indeed, differed in their opinions upon this question; nevertheless the truth was somewhere, and it was a matter of solemn moment for him to ascertain it; that we had not been so wanting in respect alike to ourselves and to him as to come a thousand miles to bring merely our opinion to be set over against the opinion of other parties; that the memorial contained facts, principles and arguments which appealed to the intelligence of the President, and to his faith in Divine Providence; that he could not deny that the Bible denounced oppression as one of the highest of crimes, and threatened Divine judgment against nations that practice it; that our country had been exceedingly guilty in this respect, both at the North and the South; that our just punishment has come by a slaveholders' rebellion; that the virus of secession is found wherever the virus of slavery extends, and no farther; so that there is the amplest reason for expecting to avert Divine judgments by putting away the sin, and for hoping to remedy the national troubles by striking at their cause.

We observed, further, that we freely admitted the probability, and even the certainty, that God would reveal the path of duty to the President, as well as to others; provided he sought to learn it in a humble way; but as, according to his own remark, Providence wrought by means and not miraculously, it might be God would use the suggestions and arguments of other minds to secure that result. We felt the deepest personal interest in the matter as of national concern, and by communicating the convictions of the Christian community from which we came, with the ground upon which they were based.

That it was true he could not now enforce the Constitution at the South; but we should see in that fact no reason whatever for not proclaiming emancipation from the country. The two appealed to different classes: that latter would aid, and, in truth, was necessary to re-establish the former, and the two could be made operative together, as fast as our armies fought their way southward; while we had yet to hear that in proposing to abandon the Constitution because of the present difficulty of enforcing it.

As to the inability of Congress to agree on this policy at the late session, it was quite possible, in view of subsequent events, there might be more unanimity at another meeting. The members have met their constituents and learned of marvellous conversions to the wisdom of emancipation, especially since late reverses have awakened thought as to the extreme peril of the nation, and made bad men as well as good men realize that we have to deal with God in this matter. Men of the most opposite previous views were now uniting in calling for this measure.

That to proclaim emancipation would secure the sympathy of Europe and the whole civilized world, which now saw no other reason for the strife than national pride and ambition, an unwillingness to abridge our domain and power. No other step would be so potent to prevent foreign intervention.

Furthermore, it would send a thrill through the entire North, firing every patriotic heart, giving the people a glorious principle for which to suffer and to fight, and assuring them that the work was to be so thoroughly done as to leave our country free forever from danger and disgrace in this quarter.

We added that, when the proclamation should become widely known, (as the law of Congress has not been) it would withdraw the slaves from the rebels, leaving them without laborers, and giving us both laborers and soldiers. That the difficulty experienced by General Butler and other generals arose from the fact that half-way measures could never avail. It is the inherent vice of half-way measures that they create as many difficulties as they remove. It is folly merely to receive and feed the slaves. They should be welcomed and fed, and then, according to St. Paul's doctrine, that they who eat must work, be made to labor and fight for their liberty and ours. With such a policy, the blacks would be no encumbrance, and their rations no waste. In this respect we should follow the ancient maxim, and learn of the enemy. What the rebels most fear is what we should be most prompt to do, and what they most fear is evident from the hot haste with which, on the first day of the present session of the rebel Congress, bills were introduced threatening terrible vengeance if we used the blacks in the war.

THE PRESIDENT'S REJOINDER—MR. LINCOLN WOULD NOT LIKE TO TRUST THE SLAVES WITH ARMS.

I admit that slavery is the root of the rebellion, or at least its *sine qua non*. The ambition of politicians may have instigated them to act, but they would have been impotent without slavery as their instrument. I will also concede that emancipation would help us in Europe, and convince them that we are incited by something nobler than ambition. I grant further that it would help somewhat at the North, though not so much, I fear, as you and those you represent imagine. Still, some additional strength would be added in that way to the war. And then unquestionably it would weaken the rebels by drawing off their laborers, which is of great importance. *But I am not sure we could do much with the blacks. If we were to arm them, I fear that in a few weeks the arms would be in the hands of the rebels;* and indeed thus far we have not had arms enough to equip our white troops.

MR. LINCOLN HAS FEARS FOR THE BORDER SLAVE STATES.

I will mention another thing, though it meets only your scorn and contempt. *There are fifty thousand bayonets in the Union armies from the border slave States. It would be a serious matter if, in consequence of a proclamation such as you desire, they should go over to the rebels.* I do not think they all would—not so many indeed as a year ago, or as six months ago—not so many to-day as yesterday. Every day increases their Union feeling. They are also getting their pride enlisted, and want to beat the rebels. Let me say one thing more:—I think you should admit that we have already an important principle to rally and unite the people in the fact that constitutional government is at stake. This is a fundamental idea, going down about as deep as anything.

ANOTHER REPLY FROM THE DELEGATION—A CONVERSATION.

We answered that, being fresh from the people, we were naturally more hopeful than himself as to the necessity and probable effect of such a proclamation. The value of constitutional government is indeed a grand idea for which to contend; but the people know that nothing else has put constitutional government in danger but slavery; that the toleration of that aristocratic and despotic element among our free institutions was the inconsistency that has nearly wrought our ruin and caused free government to appear a failure before the world; and, therefore, the people demand emancipation to preserve and perpetuate constitutional government. Our idea would thus be found to go deeper than this and to be armed with corresponding power.

Mr. LINCOLN—Yes, that is the true ground of our difficulties.

DELEGATION—That a proclamation of general emancipation, giving "Liberty and Union" as the national watch-word, would rouse the people and rally them to his support beyond anything yet witnessed—appealing alike to conscience, sentiment and hope. He must remember, too, that present manifestations are no index of what would then take place. If the leader will but utter a trumpet call, the nation will respond with patriotic ardor. No one can tell the power of the right word from the right man to develope the latent fire and enthusiasm of the masses.

Mr. LINCOLN—I know it.

DELEGATION.—That good sense, must, of course, be exercised in drilling, arming and using black as well as white troops, so as to make them efficient; and that, in a scarcity of arms, it was at least worthy of inquiry whether it were not wise to place a portion of them in the hands of those nearest to the seat of the rebellion, and able to strike the deadliest blow. That, in case of a proclamation of emancipation, we had no fear of serious injury from the desertion of border State troops. The danger was greatly diminished, as the President had admitted. But let the desertions be what they might, the increased spirit of the North would replace them two to one. One State alone, if necessary, would compensate the loss, where the whole fifty thousand to join the enemy. The struggle has gone too far, and cost too much treasure and blood to allow of a partial settlement. Let the line be drawn at the same time between freedom and slavery and between lowalty and treason. The sooner we know who are our enemies the better.

In bringing our interview to a close, after an hour of earnest and frank discussion, of which the foregoing is a specimen, Mr. Lincoln remarked:—"Do not misunderstand me, because I have mentioned these objections. They indicate the difficulties that have thus far prevented my action in some such way as you desire. I have not decided against a proclamation of liberty to the slaves, but hold the matter under advisement. And I can assure you that the subject is on my mind, by day and night, more than any other. Whatever shall appear to be God's will I will do. I trust that, in the freedom with which I have canvassed your views, I have not in any respect injured your feelings."

We assured him that he had not, and expressed our hope that, in honest endeavors to express and defend our convictions, we had not been wanting in due respect for our Chief Magistrate. Bidding him farewell, we commended him to the gracious guidance of God, having faith that, if the memorial and our added interview had thrown into the trembling scales but a single grain of truth that might aid in the preponderance of justice and humanity, our mission would not prove to be in vain.

WM. W. PATTEN,
JOHN DEMPSTER.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 21, 1862.

[From the Washington Star, Saturday, 27th inst.]

A HITCH IN MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

The Delay of the Northern Governors to Forward Troops the Cause of it.

A BALLOON RECONNOISSANCE UP RIVER.

Movements of Rebel Cavalry in the Direction of Martinsburg, Va.

THE REBELS COMPELLED TO MOVE TO AVOID STARVATION.

We believe that Burnside's corps d'armee did not cross the Potomac into Virginia, at Harper's Ferry, yesterday, as we thought likely to take place.

There now seems to be a hitch somewhere in that quarter, with reference to a prompt move after the rebel army. The delay in the arrival of troops already organized at the North is probably at the bottom of it. The Governor of New Jersey, it seems, would not or could not send on ten or twelve regiments some time since, otherwise ready to come, until arms could be sent to them at home. The authorities have not having boxes in which to send them, declined doing so for the time being. Thus a hitch arose which has deprived the country of their services for an unreasonable time, at the most critical period of the war.

The late convention of Governors, at Altoona, Pa., will be likely to delay the departure for the seat of war of many regiments now ready to start; the work of forwarding them being in all the States under the immediate supervision of those functionaries, nearly all of whom were in Washington, rather than at home, yesterday.

On the day before yesterday, balloon reconnoissances on the Maryland side, between Harper's Ferry and Williamsport, led to the belief that the enemy is nowhere in force in the Shenandoah Valley, near Harper's Ferry. Clouds of dust, however, were seen rising from Martinsburg, up the river, on the Virginia side. The conclusion drawn from those signs were that the Rebels had just started out in that direction a large reconnoitering force of cavalry. Circumstances conspire to render it necessary for Lee to make some decided move very shortly.

Residents of Winchester and its vicinity, even of known secession proclivities, are, we know well, moving their families north of the Potomac [crossing higher up the river], because nothing whatever eatable is to be had there by the richest among them but flour and a little old bacon, the latter at from $1 to $1 per pound. They aver on reaching Upper Maryland that they came North to escape starvation. Now, this fact involves great privations on the part of the rebel army in that quarter for absolute want of food. All know that it is half naked, and that the nights and mornings there are cold enough to cool the ardor of far better fed and clothed men than Lee commands. They must know, too, that their present line of communication with Richmond is wholly at our mercy; and, we feel assured, are aware that they cannot longer afford to delay an effort either to overcome McClellan in a fair battle or get somewhere out of his reach, where they may obtain at least enough food from a secure line in their rear. To essay the latter, however, after the expectations rife throughout rebeldom, concerning their intended occupation of Pennsylvania, must so disharten secession popular sentiment as to damage their cause at home more than that would be done through an acknowledged great disaster in the field.

They have now in arms their every available man between 18 and 45 years of age, and are conscripting the rest up to 55 years old, not one in ten of whom is fit to endure for a fortnight the peculiar privations and hardships of their military service. They have also raised their last available piece of worn-out carpeting and superannuated bed-quilt, in lieu of the necessary blankets not to be had. This proves, palpably, that their Quartermaster's supplies in most essential articles cannot possibly be renewed as all armies in the field require them to be renewed. They are, therefore, in a desperate way, indeed. Their defeat by McClellan in Maryland, has been their death-blow, as all will realize when they read of the wailing over its ultimate consequences from their exhaustion, as described above, in connection with it.

All here now believe that the rebels in arms will shortly be expelled from Kentucky as ignominiously as by McClellan from Maryland, as Buell's arrival at Louisville puts them at once on the defensive. Further news details from that quarter are being anxiously looked for at that point.

Latest from the Front.

No rebels except scattering pickets were yesterday in sight from Loudon Heights, within three miles of Harper's Ferry. The only body of them, that may be called a force, discoverable near the river, was at Falling Waters, near Martinsburg.

A gentleman just from participating in burying the dead and attending to the wounded of the battle of Antietem, assures us that our dead from that engagement fall short of 1,200, and our wounded are less than 6,000.

In addition to the 3,600 dead rebels buried by our side on that field, on the road near by there are trenches filled with dead rebels buried by their own comrades in arms. One trench is marked with a stake pencilled thus:—"Gen'l Anderson and 144 others; another:—Col. Stark and 114 others; another: "81;" and others of other numbers. Thus, in the space of one-third of a mile are trenches containing 500 bodies of rebels killed in that battle, buried by their own companions, so that their whole loss then and there was, indeed, three or four fold ours, at least.

A REVOLT.—This morning 110 men of Colonel Schemelpening's regiment (74th Pa.), came to the Provost Marshal's office, and stated that they had refused to march with their command because through the negligence of their officers they had not been paid for six months, and that their families at home were suffering. They were sent to Forrest Hall prison, Georgetown, where their wants will be attended to.

SENT IN.—This morning, Gen. Birney sent from Fairfax, J. H. Barnes, charged with attempting to raise a guerrilla band, and J. D. Newman, charged with being a rebel soldier in disguise, who were both taken to the Provost Marshal's office, and sent to the Old Capitol.

THE GOVERNORS' ADDRESS.—The fact that others of the Governors now absent from their respective posts of duty, are expected to sign the address presented to the President yesterday, we presume prevents the signers from causing it to be published to-day. It is said to embrace a full endorsement of everything done by the Government in connection with the war; a promise to sustain heartily all that may be so done hereafter, and an earnest request that they may be permitted to raise a reserve force of one hundred thousand (one year men) not to be called on to serve out of their respective States, it is said.

The latter feature of their address is objectionable, decidedly. It is asking to be permitted to deduct one hundred thousand men from the force that should be sent against the enemy, to serve for a year under a virtual guarantee that they *shall not be placed within gun-shot of the rebels.*

All know, now, that if they are only liable to serve at home, they will never see a rebel in arms. The country requires, absolutely, the services in the field of every available man; and their request to be authorized to substract 100,000 from the obtainable force, to remain far away from the enemy, is so palpably asking the President to aid them in unnecessarily "shishing" the fears of their dear people at home (as a mother "shish-es" her frightened infants), as that it will hardly be granted, we opine.

Their late Altoona Convention did much to place United States securities in their present condition, by which the business interests of the loyal States have within a week been injured, it may be, hundreds of millions of dollars, and the National Treasury's means of carrying on the war directly decreased at least twenty millions of dollars; as every Government paper dollar will to-day buy at least five per centum less of articles necessary in making war, than it would have brought a week ago. If they will abandon their foolish 100,000-non-combating-force scheme, return home promptly, and attend to their legitimate duty of forwarding the needed troops to the seat of war, they may do *something* towards restoring the Government's financial condition to the state in which it was a week ago, when it had already recovered four per centum of its decline since Pope's unfortunate campaign.

Lee's Opinion of the Battle of Sharpsburg.

REBEL ADMISSIONS OF THE RAPIDITY AND ENERGY OF THE BLOW STRUCK BY M'CLELLAN.

The Richmond Examiner of Wednesday says:

"The President on yesterday received a letter from Gen. Lee, in which the latter stated that in the battle of Sharpsburg the shock of battle was the most tremendous that had ever occurred upon this continent."

The Examiner claims that the advantages were on the side of the rebels (being in the full belief that Lee had recrossed into Maryland and assumed the offensive), but makes the following significant admissions:

"The enemy, with incredible exertion, and with the energy of desperation, succeeded in massing together an army under McClellan, which is stated to have reached a hundred and fifty thousand in number. Throwing away knapsacks and impeding the progress of every incumbrance, McClellan, by rapid marches, precipitated this immense force upon our column while a portion of them were detached to effect the reduction of Harper's Ferry.

"The rapidity and boldness of the blow were unprecedented in the movements of Yankee forces, and the Northern people might well have anticipated the most decisive success from this extraordinary dash of their favorite General."

The Examiner refuses to believe that Gen. Lee has fallen back across the Potomac and publishes a rumor that he was pursuing McClellan towards Frederick on Friday after the battle of Wednesday, in which it places implicit confidence.

In regard to the battle of Wednesday, the Examiner pays a high compliment to Gen. McClellan, which we hope will receive the attention of Governors Andrew and Sprague and all those who would attempt to dim the lustre of the gallant leader of our armies. We give this portion of the article entire:

"One thing only remains to be explained. It is the determination and vigor of McClellan's attack on Wednesday. It is admitted on all sides that the battle on Wednesday was one of the most sternly contested of the war, and it has been seen with surprise that the U. S. troops were capable of making such an effort. The troops under McClellan were the veterans of the Union force. The army that fought Lee was a consolidation of the remnants of the old forces of Pope's beaten host, Burnside's army of occupation, and the guard of Washington and Maryland. Some new regiments were probably intermixed, but they were few. The mass of McClellan's force consisted of trained troops; but, with all these advantages, it must be admitted they exhibited a fighting power on Wednesday unexpected under the circumstances.

"These troops had been broken by the battles of the Chickahominy; they had been completely demoralized by the management of Pope, and by the tremendous beating lately received at Manassas. It is a matter of surprise that they were capable of an attack so persevering and determined as that which they made on Lee last Wednesday, and it can only be explained on the supposition that Gen. McClellan retained the confidence of the Union troops, in a degree with which no other Union commander could compare. But if, as we now believe with much more assurance than yesterday, this last desperate effort to retrieve fortune and bar the door to the invasion resulted in a sanguinary repulse, if not an absolute rout, it is easy to see that it must have left the army by the whole of Gen. Lee's army would be in extraordinary and incomprehensible consequence."

Whilst discussing the true state of the case, that Lee had retreated across the Potomac, the Examiner says:

"The result of the great battles in Maryland, given to the public on yesterday, was anything but satisfactory. At the head of one of the finest armies the world ever saw, occupying one of the strongest positions that could be conceived, chosen at leisure by himself, General Lee had fought a tremendous battle. He maintained his ground; the enemy retired from the field and from the front during the night. The Confederate General remained master of the battle ground Thursday, without molestation from McClellan. Then it was said on authority apparently indisputable, that General Lee himself withdrew from the soil of Maryland, and retired to Virginia. The first of these facts being supposed true, the sequel was insufficiently justified by the explanations proposed, and the news, taken as a whole, created doubt and uneasiness."

It then proceeds to discuss the contradictions of this rumor, and supposing that General McClellan is in flight toward Frederick, exclaims:

"Results the most splendid and solid may be anticipated from a pursuit of McClellan, and an engagement with his army after an affair like that of Wednesday. Whatever their material condition, the *morale* of the Northern troops cannot now be otherwise than completely shattered. Nothing so breaks the hearts of men and armies as the failure of effort, made with all force, to sever the links in a chain of misfortune. If, then, General Lee is indeed in pursuit of McClellan, and has fallen on him again Friday, as is now believed, we may await the story of the result with most justifiable and reasonable hope."—*Baltimore American.*

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

ARRIVAL OF THE MATANZAS.

A Rebellion Against the Rebels—Orders of General Butler.

THE CITY HEALTHY.

The steamship Matanzas arrived at New York on Saturday afternoon, from New Orleans, briging news to September 20. She brings a large cargo of sugar.

Judge Walker, late editor of the Delta, has been released from confinement at Ship Island.

Several rebel officers, with the flag of truce, had arrived at New Orleans, for the consummate negotiations for an exchange of prisoners.

A REBELLION AGAINST THE REBELS.

In the Delta of September 18th, we find the following story:

"The chivalry of Assumption parish, comprising, of course, all the cowardly sugar lords of that section, wishing to give to the country a mark of their devotion to the cause of treason, not long ago prevailed on Thomas O. Moore to despatch to their assistance a troop of guerrillas, in order to force their poor fellow-citizens into the raks of the Confederate army. Accordingly, a few hundred guerrillas, the flower of the Red River banditti, were sent there, and in a very short time all the fighting men up Assumption were herded in a camp not far from Napoleonville, and placed under the despotic sway of a rascally militia Colonel. No longer able to bear the tyranny of their commander, about 150 men in the camp, having previously provided themselves with several rounds of buckshot, one morning about ten days ago chose out of their number a leader. Having loaded their guns

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PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, October 1, 1862.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"THE SEASONS" is received, but passed for the present.

"ENLIST, OH! MEN," is full of patriotism, and the emanation of a most loyal heart, but is hardly standarn poetry.

"ONLY ONE," by "Alice," we shall try to make room for soon.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Daniel Webster said:

"Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply repaid is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending is the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those who had access to newspapers and those who had not. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition, and general intelligence."

Visit a family, if such can be found in these parts, that does not take and read a newspaper, and what a dearth of information pervades that circle. Ask the husband and father why he does not take a paper, and he says, "I can't afford it." Has he reflected at all on the other side of this question? Can he afford to live without a newspaper? Certainly not, if he has anything to sell or buy. The prices of all the more common family commodities are found in a weekly family newspaper, carefully revised every week, at least this is so in the "Dollar Newspaper," with a weekly report on Finance and Business. If the family, however poor it may be, has any produce to sell, such as eggs, poultry, butter, cheese, potatoes, or any other vegetables; grain, beans, hay, wool, cattle, sheep, lambs, pigs, fruit or what not, the price can be found in a well-conducted weekly newspaper. Besides this, the reader of the "Newspaper" has a full condensation of war intelligence, with the current news of the day, a well conducted Literary and Miscellaneous Department, including Science and Art, and an Agricultural Department, comprising numerous contributions from practical men.

When one wishes to behold his own comeliness or uncomeliness, as the case may be, according to his own judgment, he stands before a looking-glass, and there gratifies his curiosity. So likewise when he desires to know how the world looks, he takes up his newspaper which reflects the doings and sayings of national and social life throughout the length and breadth of the world. It is *multum in parvo*, much in a little space, thus affording one an opportunity who has but little leisure for reading to become intelligibly informed concerning all the leading events of the day, such as are talked about, and such as are of general, special or social interest.

There is another evil to be guarded against, besides that of not taking a paper; and that is, of being too eager for something new, which degenerates into a passion for reading nothing but cespatches, and asking nothing more. Such, like the Athenians and strangers in Apostolic times, "spend their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear something new." The Apostle here blamed and rebuked, as it were, the Athenians, who made it their *only* business to tell and hear something *new*. News hunting and despatch reading is a striking feature of many people at the present time. The publishers of city dailies take advantage of this passion, which strengthens on what it feeds, and get up startling headings for the telegraphic column, without articles corresponding thereto in what follows. These are transferred to "Bulletin Boards" exposed in the streets, and cried by the newsboys to make their wares sell, whereas the buyer usually acknowledges himself "sold," in nine cases out of ten. Said a denizen of the city, "If I lived in the country and read a good and well-compiled weekly paper, I should be better off, and more intelligent than I am after reading so many conflicting despatches as are common every day. A morning paper," he remarked, "gets to be old before noon, and the evening paper, published at 3 P. M., is of no account as compared with the extra of 5 P. M." "But," says the newshunter and reader of telegrams, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." True, indeed, but it is the vigilance of calm, personal reflection, where every man does his own thinking. Hence, he desires to know what has transpired, preferring rather never to hear the ten thousand rumors of exciting events that never come to pass, furnished by reckless, sensation news paper reporters and correspondents. As the patriot values his country, so is he watchful over the events that are transpiring, not merely to catch a glimpse of what is doing, but to see what its bearing is on the future prospects of his country and its glorious institutions, taking care that civil and religious liberty, the great birthrights of the country, shall suffer nothing, but be preserved intact, that his noble inheritance may be transmitted to his children.

No family can afford to be without a good family newspaper, and it should be one that brings intelligence on all the subjects of the day in which they feel most deeply interested, provided it is conducted with ability and fidelity.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Ninth Biennial Meeting closed at Boston last week, and we have only room to say that the gathering of fruit-lovers was large, the discussions interesting, and the show of fruit, especially of pears, the largest ever brought together in the country. This was to be expected from the present great fruit year. Among the individual collections were: 300 varieties by Prest't. M. P. Wilder; nearly 300 by W. Read, of New Jersey; 250 by Ellwanger & Barry, who also exhibited 250 kinds of apples, and 75 varieties of plums; 250 varieties of apples by T. T. Lyon, of Mich., many of them very large and of superior excellence. Other large collections were shown by Hovey & Co., Hooler & Co., of Rochester, and Wm. S. Carpenter, of New York. Hon. M. P. Wilder, was re-elected President and James Vick, Secretary. An address by the President, and remarks by Col. B. P. Johnson, giving an account of his visit to the London Exhibition, were listened to with interest.

WHY THEY DO NOT MARCH.—The very large number of recruits kept back in the New England States in camps, has caused considerable surmise and comment as to the reason, as the troops are needed at Washington. The Boston Traveller explains the matter on the ground that government has not yet supplied them with clothing and other necessary articles. This scarcely seems sufficient. The new recruits can as well be supplied at Washington as anywhere. While the enemy maintains his present position upon the Potomac, it would seem to be advisable that all the recruits should be hurried forward where their services can be made most available.

☞ There were 211 deaths in this city in the week endinig on Saturday last, of which 104 were adults and 107 children. There were 23 from consumption of the lungs; 10 from convulsions; 6 from diptheria; 12 from diarrhœa; 11 from debility; 9 from typhoid fever; 4 from inflammation of the lungs; 11 from marasmus, and 9 from gunshot wounds.

A FOREIGN VIEW OF EMANCIPATION.

It is curious to notice that, while very unmilitary critics on this side of the ocean urge emancipation of the slaves by proclamation as the panacea for all our woes connected with this rebellion, foreign military critics express a very profound contempt for this "usual appliance of war," as certain radical journals have claimed it to be, but have never been able to prove. Not a single European authority worthy the name urges emancipation to end this war. The Economist, the organ of the bankers and commercial classes of England, says very truly in its issue of Sept. 5:

For *everybody* in America seems to have abdicated the capacity of reflection. Let us consider for a moment the arguments and advice of that party which has apparently the most distinct aim in view and the most distinct policy to recommend. They believe that the North has failed hitherto from half-heartedness—because the Government has refused to adopt Emancipation as its war cry. They try to persuade the authorities to proclaim at once freedom to all the Southern negroes, and never entertain a moment's doubt that such a line of action would paralyze and subdue the Confederates at once, and terminate the war triumphantly. Now—passing over the questionable wisdom and practicability of changing, by a single and sudden act, the entire social *status* and individual necessities of four millions of ignorant and very helpless creatures—passing over the reduplication of enmity which such a proceeding would cause in all the slave States, and the compulsion it would exercise on all the Border States—Kentucky and Tennessee especially, to fight tooth and nail against the North—what reason is there to believe that it would bring any material accession of strength to the one party, or any effectual mischief or paralysis to the other? The idea proceeds upon an *assumption*, for which we have never seen a tittle of evidence, and which the whole history of the war has contradicted. For an emancipation proclamation to do either the good or harm expected from it, the slaves must be in a chronic state of readiness to rise upon their masters, or at least to throw off the yoke and strike work in a body. They must hate the Confederates and love the northerners. Why should they do the latter? What evidence have we that they do either? Under no circumstances could an abolition policy be very telling, except where the Union arms had penetrated and were at hand to protect and to use those whom they had set free.

These are the words of truth and soberness, and represent the views of all considerate men on this important matter. These crude emancipation schemes are mischievous, for another reason. They distract the attention of the Government and the people from the only means by which the rebellion can be crushed, which are good generals, brave and disciplined soldiers, and plenty of them, and an abundance of artillery.

NATURAL PEACHES.—It used to be understood that all natural peaches were "cling" stones, and that if even the stone planted was from a "free" stone peach, "cling" stone fruit would be the result. This is a mistaken notion. We have just eaten the largest, sweetest and altogether the best flavored "free" stone peach that we have tasted this season, grown by Mr. Owen A. Duffie, from an eight-year old tree, of natural growth, in his yard. The tree is very large, the fruit abundant, sweet, and of yellow color. Several of the seed have been left with us, and we will be pleased to hand them to such of our friends as shall first call for them. This peach is unlike any that we know of, and equal to the best we have ever seen, and, in the absence of any better designation, here name them the "*Golden Owen.*"

THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET is to be reinforced by the steam frigate Colorado, 41 guns, and two other ships of war. There are now five vessels in that fleet. The addition of three more will make it the largest Mediterranean fleet we have ever had. Before many months, it is said, the African and East India squadrons, which were alone reduced by the exigencies of the rebellion, will soon be placed on their old footing. The additions to our navy have been so numerous of late, that the ships for foreign stations can be withdrawn without effecting the home blockade. It is stated that no European power can man war vessels so rapidly as we can now do. If a crew for a ship is wanted, Mr. Welles gives the order, and in twenty-four hours the required number of sailors and ordinary seamen are on board.

THE MOVEMENTS IN KENTUCKY.—The arrival of Buell with his army at Louisville has greatly relieved the anxiety of the people of that city; and calmed the unnecessary apprehensions of Gen. Nelson, who seems to have mistaken Buell's advance for that of Bragg. What has become of Bragg's army is now the inquiry, but he will possibly soon turn up in some unexpected place. Gen. Morgan, who held Cumberland Gap, seems to have fallen back towards Lexington, capturing, as reported, several hundred rebels at Richmond. As Buell's army is now all concentrated, and a very strong force, he ought to be able to give a good account of Bragg wherever he may be found.

THE STAMP TAX ON TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGES.—It is stated that the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, among the numerous decisions upon questions continually presented, has decided that the stamp tax imposed upon telegraphic messages is not required to be paid upon the business messages of the telegraph companies or railroad companies using a telegraph of their own. It is also decided that when the law goes into effect on the first of October, the stamps will be affixed by the sender of the message, and marked with his initials, and no message is to be sent without having been thus previously stamped.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

If every care drives a nail in our coffin, every merry laugh draws one out.

Western Virginia has raised sixteen thousand troops for the preservation of the Union.

☞ A small man with a great deal of knowledge is a case of *multum in parvo.*

☞ Ennui is the belle of the evening, taking the roses out of the hair after the rout is over.

☞ There are 13,769 patients in hospitals in Washington and Alexandria.

☞ There is no exemption in Ohio from the draft. All officials are as much liable as common folks.

☞ To win woman's love, be not all sweetness; molasses catches fewer flies than molasses and vinegar.

☞ Where power is concerned, he who will confer benefits must take security against ingratitude.

☞ Men wrangle in assertion and argument; and quiet truth disappears amid the noise and confusion.

☞ Drafting has taken place in Vermont, in the towns of Essex, Barnard, Hartland, Bradford, Richmond, Huntington and Poultney.

☞ A new style of light wagon now driven by gentlemen on the road in England is called a wagonette.

☞ On board the U. S. frigate St. Lawrence forty-six cases of yellow fever and twenty-three deaths have occurred.

☞ The army men all say a few more such "poundings" as they received at Antietam, and the rebels will be forced to "throw up the sponge."

☞ Gen. Wadsworth, a gallant democratic soldier, now in service, has been nominated by the New York Republican State Convention for Governor.

☞ It is asserted that our army drags after it six thousand army wagons. General McClellan, however, has ordered a reduction of baggage.

☞ They say Jeff. Davis purchased an interest in the London Herald newspaper a year ago. It is a dirty drab, full of malignancy towards the Union.

☞ "Little Crow," Chief of the Sioux, is beginning to cry "peccavi." He says the Indians would like to have peace, and they should, several hieces pieces—of rope.

☞ Gen. Reno's last words, before being carried away wounded from the battle-field, were: "Boys, I can be with you no longer in body, but I am with you in spirit."

☞ The following curious epitaph, it is said, may be found in a graveyard in Italy: "Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to Heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

☞ Gen. Halleck has requested that no more presents be sent to soldiers. They accumulate in Washington, are destroyed, benefit nobody, but trouble a great many in care and transportation.

☞ The circulation of old postage stamps as currency has been carried to such an extent as to embarrass the postal department for the supply for mail purposes. The Department, therefore has determined to discountenance it and even to prosecute offenders.

☞ A cotemporary says of Com. Preble: "To dismiss him from the service, without hearing what he had to say in his defence, is a violation of every constitutional principle, and establishes a most dangerous precedent."

☞ The Attorney General of New York has given an opinion that the mother of a deceased soldier is entitled to a pension, although she may be married and have a husband living at the time of her son's death.

☞ The Democrats have nominated for Congress, in the Sixth District, John D. Stiles, and in the Fifth District, Charles W. Carrigan. The latter gentleman will have for his opponent M. Russell Thayer, Esq., the nominee of the National Union party.

☞ Cassius M. Clay, after terrible moral struggles, has concluded to fight for his country. Cameron is coming home from Russia, and the great pedestrian, Bayard Taylor, walks into the office of Minister. He and his German wife will undoubtedly be popular with the Muscovites.

☞ "It's all very pretty talk," said a recently married old bachelor, who had finished reading Rev. Dr. Field's esssay on the "Culture of Women," just as a heavy milliner's bill was presented him, "it's all very pretty, this cultivation of woman—but such a carge as this for bonnets is rather a heavy top-dressing—in my judgment!" "And yet," remarks the New Haven Register, "it is such unfeeling words, sown broadcast, that sink into the tender soil of the female heart, and yield nought but the most harrowing reflections."

AMUSEMENTS.

At the *Walnut* Street Theatre, Mr. Eddy, the native tragedian, on Monday evening, succeeded Mrs. Waller, opening his engagement in the tragedy of "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin." Mr. E. has quite a reputation as a tragedian, and many admirers among those who favor the more expressive and emphatic style of acting.

At the *Arch*, Miss Bateman succeeds Miss Jane Coombs, who concluded a fairly successful engagement on Saturday evening. Miss Bateman opened her engagement on Monday evening as "Julia," in "The Hunchback," supported by J. Wallack, Jr., as "Master Walter," and Mr. Edwin Adams as "Clifford." It is no wonder that such a cast fills the house. It is announced that Miss B. has several new pieces for production here.

On Monday evening, of next week, the *Academy of Music* with the Ravel Family. This Company is always popular in this city, and will, no doubt, under the capable management of Mr. Wheatley, maintain favor in their present engagement. Other distinguished talent is announced to succeed the Ravels.

At the *Eleventh Street Opera House*, Carncross and Dixey keep up a spirited variety, and, with the aid of a large and practiced company, manage to present a most amusing entertainment.

Abel & Co.'s *Stereoptieon* is still open to exhibition every evening at the Assembly Building. This is one of the most effective and instructive pictures, or series of pictures, ever offered to the Philadelphia public.

Gazzaniga is amongst the artists engaged for La Scala, Milan, for the ensuing operatic season.

Charlotte Cushman is at present in Paris, and speaks of returning to this country to resume the practice of her profession, having lost a considerable portion of her fortune in unsuccessful speculations here.

Mr. Edwin Forrest, the distinguished tragedian, is in the midst of a successful engagement at Niblo's New York.

Carlotta, Patti, Brignoli and Susini are succeeding wonderfully at the New York Opera House. Carlotta's *debut* has been a great success, if the newspaper critics are to be credited.

LITERARY RECORD.

After Dark. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The volume of the above title is made up of a series of stories, written at different times, but which the author has ingeniously threaded into connection, and may be read as a whole. It is altogether a pleasant and most agreeable volume, and will find free sale, as Collins is among the most agreeable book-writers.

THE REBEL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.—The rebels feeling that they have been badly beaten at Antietam, try to keep up the prestige of Lee and Jackson as generals, by claiming a victory which rendered a "change of base" necessary, by putting the Potomac between the victorious troops and the foe they had beaten on the other side. This beats McClellan's change of base on the Chickahominy, which was a subject of so much merriment in the rebel journals. It is probable that this is all the people in the Southern States will learn of the great battle, and be deluded as usual by the belief that their military career is nothing but a series of victories over the Yankees. The army, which they boasted would invade Maryland 150,000 strong, since the defeat, they pretend to say, was only 60,000. It is known to be more than twice that number.

IN AND ABOUT WASHINGTON.

The reason why Governor Bradford, of Maryland declined to sign the address to the President, was because he did not feel at liberty to act thus for the State, though he did not doubt but what her people would willingly abolish the institution of slavery, if by so doing the unity of the States could be preserved.

The proposition of Gov. Curtin in favor of sending the sick soldiers to their own States or homes to be cared for, has been well received, and it is believed will be adopted by the proper authorities.

The following named officers have been promoted on the recommendation of Gen. McClellan, to Brigadier Generalships:

Col. Governor L. Warren, 5th N. Y. Volunteers, for distinguished conduct at the battle of Gaines' Hill; Col. Alfred Sully, 1st Minnesota, for distinguished conduct at the battle before Richmond; Col. Wm. W. Averill, 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry, for distinguished conduct at Fair Oaks; Col. Robert Cowdin, 1st Massachusetts, for distinguished conduct at Williamsburg.

By chapter 162, sec 29, of the acts of the 27th Congress, it is provided that no instrument of paper issued prior to the 1st of January, 1863, without being stamped shall be deemed invalid on that account. Suits for recovering the penalty can only be instituted by the Collectors. Hence if the stamps are not ready for use on the 1st of October, no injury or loss will result to the public. It is expected, however, that the stamps for the leading purposes will be ready by Wednesday, or soon after, and the use of stamps will be required whenever the Department is prepared to furnish them.

A special commission assembled in this city on Thursday, the 25th inst., for the trial of such cases as may be brought before it. This commission is composed of the following officers:—Major Gen. D. Hunter, U. S. A.; Major Gen. Cadwalader, U. S. V.; Brig. Gen. C. C. Auger, U. S. V.; Major Don Piatt, Assistant Adjutant General U. S. V.; Capt. Ball, Jr., A. D. C.; Col. J. Holt, Judge Advocate General United States. General Prince, Captain Wilkins (Md.), A. A. G.; Captain Fisher, A. D. C., and Captain G. B. Halsted, officers of General Pope's late army, released from Richmond, arrived at Willard's last evening.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 28.—The American's special correspondence from Sharpsburg says our loss in killed and wounded in the battle of Antietam will be fully ten thousand. The official figures in two army corps (Sumner's and Hooker's) are as follows:

Gen. Sumner's.—Officers killed, 41; wounded, 89; enlisted men, 819; wounded 3708; Missing, 458. Total for the Corps, 5260.

Gen. Hooker's Corps and Doubleday's Division.—Killed, 98; wounded, 669; total, 862.

Rickett's Division.—Killed, 152; wounded, 898; total, 1188.

Mead's Division, Pennsylvania Reserves.—Killed, 97; wounded, 449; missing, 23; total, 569. Total for the whole corps, 2619.

Gen. Burnside's loss will be about 1600 in killed and wounded. The total loss in these three army corps is therefore 8428.

The loss in Gen. Franklin's and Gen. Banks' corps, now commanded by Gen. Williams, will bring the casualties fully up io the total stated, though there may be considerable variation in the number of missing.

Gen. Griffin, whose brigade now pickets the river at Blackburn and Reynolds' ford, opposite Shepherdstown, keeps a strict watch on the rebels, and is active in reconnoitering the country along the Virginia side of the Potomac.

On Friday morning a battalion of cavalry crossed, and soon after rewards sent back as prisoner, a rebel cavalry officer, whom they captured at Shepherdstown. Soon after a boy appeared on the other side shouting to the pickets not to fire. He came over and reported that he had enlisted with the rebels at Frederick, and becoming disgusted with the service, desired to come home. The rebels, he said, were in force ten miles back from the river. He also said that Jackson had had his arm amputated in consequence of a wound received at Antietam. These stories of rebel deserters are, however, notoriously unreliable.

On Thursday at noon, Gen. Griffin in person, with the 9th Massachusetts and the 1st District of Columbia regiments crossed the river. They threw out skirmishers, advanced up the hill, and, proceeding cautiously, passed into the woods. Shortly afterwards they sent back a piece of artillery and an artillery forge, which the rebels had left behind. They remained over during the afternoon, but as there was no firing, it is to be presumed they did not find the rebels in force.

DREADFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT

Seven Militia Killed and Forty Wounded.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 26.—This morning, about 7 o'clock, a horrible railroad accident took place on the Cumberland Valley Railroad, just beyond the bridge crossing the Susquehanna river, almost opposite the city.

A troop train of some twenty freight cars, containing the Twentieth Regiment Pennsylvania Militia, including the Corn Exchange Company and Revenue Guards, of Philadelphia, was on the way to this city from Greencastle, where they had been encamped for a few days.

The train was behind time and had been waiting for a train from Carlisle, but none coming, the train proceeded.

The weather was very foggy and it was with the utmost difficulty that objects could be descried along the track, but everthing went on smoothly until within a mile of the bridge, when the train came suddenly on an engine stationed on a track.

The engineer of the troop train immediately reversed his engine, but too late to prevent the collision, and the engines came together with terrific force.

The car immediately behind the tender of the troop train was crushed into fragments, and nearly all the occupants either killed or wounded.

The second car was driven into the first and completely destroyed, and a number of persons badly hurt. The third car was thrown on top of the second, the wheels crushing through the top.

The most horrifying portion of the scene was the cries of the wounded, some thirty in number, and the sight of the dead. They were all carried to a house close by, and surgeons sent for from Harrisburg.

The Twentieth Regiment is composed of one company Gymnast Zouaves, Captain Smith; three companies Corn Exchange Guard, Captains Marshall, Hartranft and James; two companies Revenue Guards, Captains Steele and Taylor; McDowell Guards, Capt. Sheble, and three companies from Berks county, Captains Harner, Geiger and Boas. Capt. Boas' company, which has suffered the most severely, belonged to Reading.

The Cumberland Valley Railroad Disaster.

CARLISLE, Sept. 28.—We have the best authority for saying that the Cumberland Valley Railroad Company is in no way accountable for the accident which occurred at Bridgeport on Friday last. The road has been in the custody and absolute control of the Government since the 21st instant, and no officer of the Company had any participation in the movement or direction of trains since that date.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

From Gen. McClellan's Army.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 29, Midnight.—The following is from the correspondence of the American:

CAMP OF THE FIFTH NEW YORK ZOUAVES,
NEAR SHARPSBURG, Sept. 29.

The head-quarters of Gen. McClellan were removed yesterday to a point three miles nearer to Harper's Ferry. This movement may mean something, or it may have been made merely for convenience sake. At any rate it is regarded here with some interest.

Harper's Ferry is now held in large force by our troops, and is evidently regarded as an important point in the position of the army of the Potomac.

Of the other movements of troops about to take place, I shall say nothing. Burnside's division has not gone to Harper's Ferry. I may say, however, that all the indications here bespeak renewed activity on the part of the army.

The rebel accounts of the late battles create some disgust, but more amusement among the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, who won the victories at South Mountain and Antietam. They admit the stern resistance and earnest bravery of their antagonists, but the solid results of the fight were too decidedly with us to occasion them any trouble over the vaporing of the Richmond Dispatch and Whig.

A ride from the centre of the Army of the Potomac to its right wing at Williamsport, gives one an impressive idea of the immense number of men, and prodigious aggregation of material that has been brought together. For thirteen miles the eye never loses sight of camps.

At Williamsport there have been no active operations on either side. The rebels continue to picket the Virginia side of the river, whilst our troops continue to do the same on this side. As a general thing, there, as elsewhere on the river, there is no firing between the pickets—both sides, by mutual consent, abandoning this useless and murderous practice.

When in Hagerstown a few days since I gave a list of some of the distinguished rebels who recorded their names at the Washington House. Among these was Dr. McLaughlin, of Bradley Johnson's staff. This same individual a few days since crossed the river, and gave himself up to the pickets of the 6th Maryland regiment. He stated that he was utterly tired of the rebel service, and would sooner be in Fort McHenry than with their army in Virginia. McLaughlin is a Marylander, and, I believe, formerly resided at Ellicott's Mills. He brings news of the death of Albert Carroll, one of the sons of Charles Carroll, Esq.

Early this morning, a large force of cavalry crossed the Potomac at Blackburn's Ford, and marched towards Shepherdstown. They have not returned when I close this letter.

Our scouts visit Shepherdstown frequently by day, while the rebel cavalry still come there at night, the place being held by neither party. A number of the rebel wounded are there.

At Shepherdstown Ferry, on this side of the Potomac, there are over two hundred wounded rebel prisoners, who are guarded by the 91st Pennsylvania regiment, under the care of three Rebel Surgeons. They have everything done for them that is possible. No service that is desired being refused by our Surgeons or officers. But the hospital is a terrible place.

The men are of the desperately wounded class, who could not be removed further, and there is scarcely one among them who has not lost an arm or a leg, or is not otherwise mutilated. Our men mingle freely with them, and are prompt and untiring in their willingness to aid them in any way that can give relief or comfort.

Harper's Ferry, which I reached this noon from Strasburg, is now the centre of important movements. A formerly constructed pontoon bridge already crosses the river, and the reconstruction of the railroad bridge is being pushed forward with all the expedition that can be gained by the employment of a large force of mechanics, under the direction of the Railroad Company.

The completion of this bridge has an important connection with the movement of the army, as it would be impossible for it to move far into Virginia, without a completed line of railway communication with its base of supplies. It would be an easy thing to march our men who are now rested and in fine condition, to Winchester or Martinsburg, but it would not be so easy to feed them after they were there. When the bridge is completed, and the railroad can be brought into use as the army advances, we shall see active operations resumed, and that time is not very distant.

Our advance is four or five miles out and a rebel force, composed of two brigades of Louisiana and North Carolina troops, are in our immediate front, and have a disposition to contest our further advance.

A spirited cavalry and artillery skirmish took place this morning, in which our men did well and drove the enemy some distance. A cavalry officer and a squadron of men were captured in a house which was surrounded by our troops. The officer was brought into Harper's Ferry, but I did not learn his name.

There are reports that the rebel army are fortifying both Winchester and Martinsburg, but they are not generally credited in military circles. A sudden rebel dash on Cumberland is regarded as more probable, and measures here have been taken to checkmate any such movement.

Genl. Nelson Shot by Genl Davis.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 29.—Gen. Jeff. C. Davis shot Gen. Nelson at the Galt House, Louisville, this morning, killing him instantly.

Gen. Nelson, the victim in this terrible affair, was an officer in the United States Navy when the war broke out, but volunteering for the military service in his native State, Kentucky, was soon made a Brigadier General, and has rendered most efficient service. General Jefferson C. Davis is from Indiana. He was appointed Captain in the First Regiment of Artillery, in May, 1861, soon afterwards commissioned a Colonel, and subsequently a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 29.—General Davis went into the Galt House at 8¼ o'clock, this morning, where he met Gen. Nelson. In the conversation with him he referred to the insulting treatment he had received at his hands in ordering him to Cincinnati; whereupon General Nelson cursed him in the most infamous manner, and struck him in the face several times. He then retired a few paces, when Davis, who had borrowed a pistol from a friend, advanced upon Nelson, (who had by this time gained the stairway), walked directly up to him and fired. —[Correspondence of the Cincinnati Times.]

Gen. Birney's Command and Staff.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—Brigadier-General Birney, commanding the First Division of the Third Army Corps, (Heintzelman's) has five well-drilled cavalry regiments under him. He gives very little rest to the rebels this side the Rappahannock and the Blue Ridge. His staff, consisting mainly of Pennsylvanians, is as follows:

Major W. H. Brevoort, Assistant Adj. Gen.
Major Geo. L. Pancoast, Medical Director.
Capt. Thos. E. Merford, Division Quartermaster.
Lieut. J. Ridgway Moore, Aid-de-Camp.
Lieut. J. E. Lee, Aid-de-Camp.
Lieut. Thos. J. Diehl, Aid-de-Camp.
Lieut. Frank H. Clark, Ambulance Quartermaster.
Lieut. C. H. Graves, Ordnance Officer.
Lieut. William Noble, Provost Marshal.
Lieut. Wm. McClees, Inspector of Cavalry
Lieut. Edwin L. Ford, Acting Inspector Gen.

Field Hospital Arrangements.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—The complete and comprehensive plan of Mr. H. M. Pierce, President of Rutledge Institute, New York city, for greater efficiency in the ambulance and field hospital arrangements, will, in all probability, be put in operation this week.

Able, intelligent, and patriotic men will now be enlisted, mustered into the United States service, instructed and drilled for hospital duty. There will thus be returned to the ranks 16,000 fighting men at present engaged in this service.

Rebel Attack on Augusta, Ky.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 29.—The Augusta, Ky., correspondent of the Gazette, says that that place was attacked by 640 mounted rebels, with two cannon, under the command of a brother of John Morgan. The Union force, under Colonel Bradford, numbering 120, took refuge in the houses, and fired from the windows, killing and wounding ninety men. Among the killed were three captains, one of them a younger brother of John Morgan. Among the mortally wounded was Lieut. Col. Prentice, a son of George D. Prentice. The rebels were so exasperated at their loss, that they set fire to the houses, and two squares were burned. Our loss was nine killed and fifteen wounded. The balance of our force were taken prisoners. Subsequently a Union force from Maysville attacked the rebels, when they fled in a panic.

Conflagration at Lexington, Ky.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 29.—The Gazette says that a gentleman who reached Covington yesterday from the vincity of Lexington, reports that a great conflagration took place in that city on Friday. The fire broke out at Beard's livery stable, corner of Short and Limestone streets, destroying every house on both sides of Short street for two squares north of Limestone street, including the Bank of Kentucky, the Northern Bank, the Post-office, and Mr. Wolverton's fine residence and livery stable. The origin of the fire is unknown. The loss will be heavy.

An English Cotton Steamer at Halifax

HALIFAX, Sept. 29.—The English steamer Peterhoff, with 1300 bales of cotton, put in this port short of coal. She had several passengers aboard.

From the West.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 28.—Business was totally suspended yesterday from 2 till 5 o'clock. All the citizens were under drill, and the turn-out was very large.

A despatch to the Gazette, from Indianopolis, says that an army officer, just arrived from Washington, says he read an order while in the War Department on Friday, relieving General Buell from his command in Kentucky, and assigning him to Indianapolis, to organize the paroled prisoners into regiments.

The Indian War in Minnesota.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, Sept. 29.—A band of 300 Sioux Indians, under Little Crow, attacked Col. Sibley's command on the 23d inst. The battle lasted for two hours, resulting in the repulse of the Indians, with the loss of 30 killed and a large number wounded. Four whites were killed, and from 30 to 40 wounded.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, September 29, 1862.

The "Conference" Committee of the Troy Constitutional Union Convention are out, today, in a manifesto, adopting the Democratic State Ticket. They gently demur against the alleged unfairness of the Democratic Convention in not giving them more than one name on the State ticket; but, nevertheless, agreeing as both parties do, in the principle of "the Union, the Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws," they conclude that there is no real obstacle to a cordial support of the ticket as nominated at Albany. Hence we go into the campaign, for the first time in many years, with but two parties—one for emancipation, the other against it.

In the U. S. Circuit on Friday, Court, argument was heard to quash the *certiorari*, by which a suit to recover certain Treasury indemnity bonds was removed from the State Court. The plaintiff in the case is Theodore Victor. The bonds in question were issued by the State of Texas, under the Act of Congress of 1850, guaranteeing that State indemnity, in accordance with the provisions of the famous Compromise Act, when California was admitted. Texas, it is claimed, on behalf of the United States, did not avail herself of the privilege of issuing these bonds until after she had seceded. It is alleged that the plaintiff purchased them at much below par.

Mr. Victor, it would further appear, took these Bonds to the Assistant Treasurer here, and demanded the judgment of the interest thereupon; but Mr. Cisco took possession of them and refused to deliver them up, under instructions from the Secretary of the Treasury. The Government alleges that the bonds were stolen by the rebels, and were the property only of the loyal State of Texas. The present suit is to recover possession.

Rev. James H. Crooke, a colored clergyman of this city, was shot by a woman of his own hue, last Thursday, at a house in West Farms, under circumstances of a peculiar nature. It appears that Crooke lived with the woman some time, and the parties passed for man and wife. After awhile, however, he deserted her, and went to West Farms to live. She, however, followed him, resolved on revenge; and, awaiting a favorable opportunity, drew a pistol and shot him, the ball entering his head. Crooke died this morning. The woman, whose name is Hodges, at once gave herself up, and has been sent to jail, to await the result of the Coroner's inquest. She expresses no regret at the act she has committed, but says she would do the same thing over again. The affair has caused a great sensation among the colored people in the city, as both parties were well known.

The President's proclamation has proved a god-send to many of our city preachers, who delight in sensations. No fewer than eleven discourses are advertised from the pulpit, already, on the subject. What new light these gentlemen propose to shed upon it, I cannot say—but if they would only have the goodness, after sermon is over, to invite their congregations to step up and enlist, with a view to rendering Proclamation practically effective, we should all be constrained to recognize in the proceeding another proof of the "eternal fitness of things."

A few days since the Board of Councilmen adopted a resolution requiring all persons in the employ of the city Government to take the oath of allegiance to the Government. Saturday, however, the Board of Aldermen struck out the word "Government" and inserted "Constitution" in its place, and, as thus amended, the resolution was adopted. Whether the other Board will accept the amendment or not remains to be seen. The modification is significant.

The number of vessels in port on Saturday, according to actual count, was 554, as follows:—Ocean steamers, 19; ships, 153; barks, 128; brigs, 124; schooners, 86; under seizure by Government, awaiting condemnation, 34.

The prize steamer Memphis, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is nearly ready for sea.

The steam gunboats Montgomery and Isaac Smith are in commission, and will sail in a few days.

The sailing ship Midnight is also ready for sea, and will sail by the middle of next month.

The sailing ship Ino was hauled to the wharf on Friday. Her crew is to have a furlough while the vessel is being repaired.

The steam gunboat Unadilla is receiving an extensive overhauling.

The Lackawanna is rapidly approaching completion, her machinery all being on board, and the painters at work on her cabins.

The school ship Savannah has progressed so far as to be ready for the reception of her crew in a week or ten days.

Recruiting for the Navy is quite brisk, and the number of recruits now available at this port exceeds 900, all of whom are quartered on the receiving ship North Carolina.

LIFE'S QUESTIONS.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

Drifting away
Like mote on the stream,
To-day's disappointment
Yesterday's dream;
Ever resolving—
Never to mend—
Such is our progress,
Where is the end?

Whirling away
Like leaf in the wind;
Points of attachment
Left daily behind;
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend—
Such our fidelity;
Where is the end?

Floating away
Like cloud on the hill,
Pendulous, tremulous,
Migrating still;
Where to repose ourselves?
Whither to tend?
Such our consistency;
Where is the end?

Crystal the pavement,
Seen through the stream;
Firm the reality
Under the dream,
We may not feel it,
Still we may mend—
How we have conquered
Not known till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter,
Sports of the wind;
But stands to the winter
The great tree behind.
Frost shall not wither it;
Storms cannot bend;
Roots firmly clasping
The Rock at the end.

Calm is the firmament
Over the cloud;
Clear shine the stars through
The rifts of the shroud.
There our repose shall be;
Thither we tend—
Spite of our waverings,
Approved at the end.

THE FARMER.

[☞ We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

SHEEP-HUSBANDRY.

[As wool is just now a most important production, and likely to be so for some time to come, we cannot do our farmer friends and the public a more essential service than by furnishing them with sensible, practical suggestions in reference to the various breeds of sheep, their care, &c. No more inviting field for profitable sheep-culture probably can be found than the entire range of Alleghany mountains:]

Richard S. Fay, Esq., furnished for the Agricultural Report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1861, a paper on "The Breeds of Sheep, with suggestions as to their Treatment," from which we take the following:

"It would be difficult to point out a fairer field for profitable sheep-husbandry than New England presents. Sheep are the most indiscriminate feeders among animals. They delight in change of food. One who takes the pains to observe them when feeding will be surprised at the continued shifting they make from one species of herbage to another. Upon our hills and valleys there is to be found the full variety which their nature requires, and where it fails in great nutritive strength it is more than compensated by this varied form of vegetation. There seems also to be a principle connected with our granatic soils which is particularly favorable to sheep, giving to them hardiness of constitution and strong muscular developement. This is an important fact which should be remembered when deciding upon a breed of sheep, for if it be true it widens materially the field of selection.

"Having seen that the climate and soil are favorable to sheep-husbandry in New England, we should next ascertain what breeds of sheep are best adapted to meet the wants of purchasers. This is more of a mercantile question than an agricultural one.

"There are more sheep sold annually at Brighton and Cambridge markets, near Boston, than are raised in all New England; these are for mutton; and allowing for difference of quality, they bring as high prices as any sheep in the world. The wool clip of New England commands a ready cash market in Boston, and the supply is not equal to the wants of the little State of Massachusetts alone, and at prices greater than the same quality would fetch in England or France. We have thus a cheaply accessible market, both for wool and mutton, to an extent far beyond the supply. So varied and extensive have the manufactures of woollens become, that every pound of wool, short stapled and long stapled, combing and clothing, the finest and the coarsest, finds a ready market. These facts indicate clearly enough where the interest of the flock-master lies, which is to select that breed of sheep which will supply the market with the greatest value of mutton and wool.

"Formrly flesh was a secondary object with the farmer; fine wool commanded so high a price that it paid to raise it, calling the mutton nothing. Within thirty years thousands of sheep have been slaughtered for little more than the pelts that covered them, but the case is now very much altered. Fashion has had something to do with the change; men do not wear as fine clothes as formerly. War is doing still more. Taking the operation of these two causes together, the result is, that coarse middle wools are worth almost as much per pound as Saxon and Merino. The value of the fleece of a large mutton sheep will, therefore, bring more money than a Merino, whose carcass is worth less than his pelt, and the product of lambs of the former is worth four to one of the latter at the shambles. Hence it is clear that the most profitable sheep to the farmer is one which will furnish the largest amount of marketable flesh and wool combined, and that breed is to be preferred which in the greatest degree unites these qualities with hardiness and aptitude to fatten on our lands and under the system of agriculture existing in New England.

"There are exceptional cases, where fine-woolled sheep can be kept in New England with profit; they may be summarily stated in the following proportion: The best soil, the highest skill, and the greatest care united, may make fine wool-growing profitable. So, too, the very opposite of this; with a poor soil, little skill, and less care, a farmer would probably do better with a few fine-woolled animals than a few coarse-woolled ones.

"Having determined upon the breed of sheep most profitable to the farmer, a few remarks upon the treatment cannot be considered out of place, because, upon the management of sheep, whatever the breed may be, depends the profits of sheep husbandry. A manual of directions must not be expected in the brief space within which our remarks are necessarily confined, and only a few suggestions can be offered for the consideration and guidance of every flock-master in the care of his sheep. There are certain general principles which all sound experience has confirmed, and there are also particular directions to be observed in the winter and in the summer management of sheep, some of which will be noticed.

"A sheep should never be allowed to fall off in condition, for two reasons: first, it weakens permanently its constitution; second, it seriously injures the clip of wool on its back. There is no animal so difficult to restore to good condition as a sheep, and there is none where a loss of flesh tells so quickly upon his outward covering.

"Sheep bear the cold perfectly well. They delight in fresh, pure air, even of a very low temperature, but they suffer from moisture, especially when it is so great as to saturate the wool to the skin. It is difficult to wet them thoroughly, but it is still more difficult to dry them when wet. Sheep suffer from heat in summer more than from the cold of winter, and almost all their diseases may be traced to undue moisture or too great heat.

"These facts teach us the importance of shelter, both in the summer and winter—that is to say, they must have pastures in summer, where either trees or artificial protection can be resorted to, and to which they can go at all times to ward off the sun's rays or the droppings from the clouds, and they require shelter in winter to preserve them from its blasts and to sustain as nearly as possible the natural heat of the system.

"Sheep should be kept free from lice and ticks, which not only injure the fleece, but also materially affect their condition. A good flock-master will go over his sheep occasionally, and if any lice or ticks are found he will open the fleece and sprinkle Scotch snuff so that it reaches the skin. After shearing, every animal should be dipped in tobacco water, a good preparation of which is now manufactured by Fisher & Co., 23 Central Wharf, Boston]; the lambs to be similarly served a fortnight later. This, if faithfully done, is generally effectual for the season.

"Shearing is a very important operation, and too much care cannot be given to it. An even fleece is secured by good shearing, both of that which is taken off and the new one which takes it place. The time of shearing is likewise worthy of thought. Few shear in New England before the first of June—many a week or two later than this. The reason for it is that sheep are generally turned out altogether too early, and the fleece is necessary to protect them. This protection costs the flock-master a good deal of money; much of the wool falls off, much is torn off by the briers, much is injured by the various weeds, seeds, and sticks which get into the fleece after leaving the winter fold. The writer has been advancing the shearing period in his flock gradually, for several years; last year he sheared the second week in May, before turning out his sheep regularly to pasture, and he finds no reason to regret having done so. It must, however, be remembered that to enable a flock-master to do this advantageously, he must continue his winter shelter for a week or two longer, turning the sheep out only in good weather, and folding them at night—this is the work of a boy for an hour in the day.

"Lambs dropped in February or March are worth double to the butcher, if decently cared for, those dropped in May or June. They come, too, at a time when they can be better attended to; with reasonable care, a lamb dropped in winter need never be lost.

"Sheep, three weeks before being put to the ram, should have artificial food, whatever the goodness of the pasture may be. Oats, oil-cake, or cracked corn, at the rate of half a pound per ewe, given at night, will increase the fecundity of the flock materially, and produce better lambs. After receiving the buck, the feed should only be such as to keep them in good store condition until within three weeks of lambing, when more liberal feeding should commence.

"Washing sheep previous to shearing is not recommended. The flock-master gains nothing by it in price, the shrinkage in weight from washing being equal to the increase of price, without any compensation for the loss arising from drenching sheep with water at the most critical season of the year.

"Weaning is a matter too little attended to; four months is the length of time for lambs to suckle. They should then be widely separated from the ewes. The flock-master should go over the flock at least once in two days after the separation, and milk moderately every ewe where the bag shows any distension.

"The ram should never run with the flock. The better plan is, when the period of serving arrives, to fold the sheep at night, and put the ram in with the flock, or a portion of them, if it be desirable for any reason to have a priority among the ewes in early lambing. The best flock-masters put the oldest ewes to the ram first. By smearing the ram between the forelegs with lampblack or other pigment, those which have been served are readily distinguished. A ram well fed, and treated in the manner as above stated, will serve fifty in a season without impairing his health or vigor."

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

USE OF MULES ON FARMS, ETC.

I wish to present to the many readers of the "Dollar Newspaper," a few observations on the subject of using mules in the business of farming. I regard the use of them for farming purposes, and even for travelling, as a matter of great importance. Mules are, in my view, far superior to horses in many respects; because they are naturally much hardier animals, capable of greater burdens and endurance. They can draw a heavier load and to a greater distance than horses, in the same length of time; and when they have finished their labor, they are not so much fatigued and jaded out as horses. When they have performed a certain amount of labor on the farm, they are ready, after a very short respite, to perform a similar labor again. They are also faithful animals in the performance of farm work—for you may take them out in any kind of weather, and attach them to the wagon or plow, and they will draw readily and evenly, without the least balking. But take a team of horses, and attach them to a loaded wagon, in a cold and severe morning, and, unless they are very well disciplined, they will generally show great reluctance to start right off, and draw the load. Another reason why mules are preferable, is this, they may be kept in as good condition for work as horses, on two-thirds the quantity of food that the latter animals require. The food may also be of a coarser quality, and therefore is less expensive. Mules are less liable to disease than horses, and consequently require less care and attention; which render the expense of keeping them in *good trim* for less. Another remark may be made respecting them. Owing to their hardy nature and firm, compact constitution, they attain to a much greater age than horses, and are fit for active service nearly all their lives. In ancient times they were employed in performing the most irborious tasks, because of their indefatigable industry and perseverance. They have ever been found capable of enduring a greater degree of heat in summer than the horse, and with less injury. On this account they were, in ancient times, and, even at the present day, much more frequently used in some warm countries, such as Judea, Syria, &c.

If such are the facts respecting these animals, why should not the farmers in our country rear and use them more extensively than they have done hitherto? It is but a few years since many of the animals were employed on the farm. Horses were very generally employed for traveling, and such is the case now in the more Northern States; but in some of the Southern and Western States, farmers have already found on trial that mules are much more profitable, for the cost of raising them is much less, their hardihood and patience in labor are greater, they are less liable to disease, and attain to a much greater age than the horse. Their longevity has become so proverbial, that the buyer seldom makes inquiry about their age. Pliny, who lived in the first century of the Christian era, gives an account of a mule that was eighty years old, and at that extreme age showed a disposition to perform labor, for he voluntarily followed those that drew timber for building the temple of Minerva at Athens. The people seeing the old mule eager to renew the labors of youth, gave him free access to the grain markets.

An unreasonable prejudice seems to be entertained against these humble and useful animals. They are generally considered stubborn, vicious, headstrong, and having a *kicking* propensity. But if they are treated kindly and managed properly when *young*, they will not become stubborn and vicious. Just feed them out of your hand with corn, salt, &c., and deal gently with them, and they soon become attached to you, and reciprocate your kindness in obedience to your commands. I have been led to make these remarks respecting mules from my experience in employing them on the farm. From this experience I can safely recommend them to other farmers as very useful animals. MALAKOFF.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CANNING FRUIT.

1st. Great care is necessary. Many persons are too careless to perform anything successfully. They do not succeed in this, and then blame either the cans, the fruit, or the person whose theory they endeavor to apply. There are many theories, either one good enough in itself, or united with others and applied with care.

2d. A good selection of cans is particularly requisite to success. No person can put up fruit in poor cans, to keep well. They must be of good material, and air-tight. Much of the stoneware offered for sale in the country, for this purpose, is worthless, and will bring only disappointment and vexation—not being of good material, and consequently not air-tight. There is a kind of fine material, coated inside and outside with glass, that gives satisfaction. They do not break as easily as glass cans, and are fire-proof. The "Ladies' Choice," Baker's patent glass jars, are undoubtedly the best and most convenient in use; being self-sealing and self-testing. A particular advantage in these is, that no fruit need be lost, as the test will show it in time to save the fruit. The only disadvantage is their high price. Tin cans answer very well for most kinds of fruit, and have the advantage of being the cheapest.

3d. The fruit must be sound and ripe. Plums, peaches, and cherries should be stoned, as the seeds are useless, and frequently an injury to the fruit, if heated along. It need not be *boiled*, but must be *thoroughly heated through*. This is done in a porcelain-coated preserving kettle—brass and copper should be discarded. After the cans are filled, they should stand a few minutes to allow the steam to escape before sealing. The cans or jars should also be heated carefully, in this case, before filling, else they will break, but care must be taken not to make them too hot. There are many more glass jars broken by being made too hot, then not hot enough. Another very good plan is to fill the jars with the fruit, and heating altogether by steaming in a close vessel over boiling water. A large tin wash boiler, with a shoulder about three inches from the bottom, is very good for this purpose. A rack of small slats crossing each other, should be made to fit down in the shoulder, then beneath this it must be filled with water within one-half inch of the slats, and the filled jars placed on top with the lids off. The boiler must be closed tightly, to prevent the escape of steam, and the fruit heated by boiling the water in the bottom. In this case the fruit will sink when it becomes heated, and the jars must be filled up with fruit similarly heated, before sealing. There is no particular secret in canning fruit—any intelligent person with due care can be successful. During the winter the filled cans must be kept secure from frost, in a cool, dry place. BOELUS.

James' Creek, Pa., Sept. 11th, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

OSAGE ORANGE FENCE.

As near as I can judge, your paper is for the dissemination of useful knowledge to all classes of society, but especially to the agriculturist; also to give the best modes of carrying on the operations of farming so as to insure to the farmer the most profit, with the least expense. Now I think I can give some information that will be valuable to some person of small capital that is willing to try his luck. That is: to go into the business of raising Osage Orange in this State, as we have not a fence of that kind that I know of, and timber is scarce and in a few years will all be gone. The soil is well adapted to the culture of Osage, and, in a few years, any person making a start now could make a fortune, besides having a large farm of his own fenced with the same. Land can be bought now for from $3 to $8 per acre, all improved with good buildings, and near a good market, with a thick settlement all around. The Osage would sell readily for $3 per thousand, and one man with forty acres of ground and $50 could clear at least $1000 in one year. To make a fence you plant the hedge about eight inches apart, and press down well with the hand, so as to have the earth close to the roots. The first year turn down the tops and plow them under, they will then sprout new branches from the old ones, and fill up the intermediate spaces. The second year trim the tops, and in two years more you will have a fence superior to a stone wall fence. To raise a nursery you plow your ground up well, and put about a load of manure to every forty square feet of ground, plant the seed about the same as onion seed, in drills, and if you have any seedlings left, plow them under the same as you would your fence. GILL BATES.

Hopewell, Clark County, Iowa, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SWEET POTATOES.

It is really amusing to read the different opinions upon the raising of sweet potatoes; and, to judge from some of the articles, one would be strongly inclined to doubt whether the persons writing them ever raised this excellent species of food. It is but a few days ago that I noticed a writer recommending a "poor sandy soil" for the sweet potato, and before he got through with his valuable information, he said "the soil could not be too rich!" Verily, a person who had never grown the sweet potato would be at a loss how to proceed under such a strange contradiction.

Now, in my humble way of thinking, the ground can be too rich for the successful cultivation of the sweet potato, whereas a light, loamy or sandy soil will place it exactly in its element. On a visit some time ago to Long Island, I saw the farmers dig them right out of the beach sand, and fine bouncing fellows they were—entirely free from rot, and dry as a chip. My own plan of raising is to make a hole, about the size of a peck measure, and put in it a mixture of ashes and soil; I round off this hole about four inches above the surface of the ground, and thence place my sprout in the centre, watering it at night two or three times a week should the weather be dry. It is immsterial whether the ashes are coal or wood, and even sand would do, though the ashes are decidedly preferable. A rich soil is apt to rot the potato, make them small in size, and altogether too watery for fine eating. Attached to my sprouts, when set out, I prefer to have a piece of the potato; some persons wrench the eye out of the potato and plant the sprout alone, but I don't believe in the doctrine. Perhaps they argue that they can thus have the potato to eat, but I am willing to dispense with a half bushel of patotoes, to make a crop of twenty bushels more secure. Three feet apart are ample for the hills, though I have some growing this year not more than two. F. A. A.

MANAGING MILK AND MAKING BUTTER.

A fair correspondent of the "Rural New Yorker" gives the following as her method of managing milk and making butter:

"I use shallow tin pans, and set the milk a little less than two inches in depth. My experience is, more cream can be had from the same amount of milk by raising the pan from the shelf, allowing a free circulation of air around the milk; two strips of wood, of uniform thickness, about six inches in length, to each pan, will answer the purpose. As soon as the milk thickens, I remove the cream into an earthern pan, keeping it uncovered, and always stir gently after adding fresh cream; churn twice a week, and never allow any water to get nearer the butter than the outside of a stone churn during the process of churning. I take the butter from the churn with a ladle, and salt it to taste; let it stand twenty-four hours, and then work by taking about one pound at a time. This is is more convenient, and can be worked much dryer than by working the whole mass at once. If for packing, I add one tablespoonful of crushed sugar, and as much saltpetre as will lie on a three cent piece, to three pounds of butter. Let it stand a few hours longer, and work again, making it into small rolls, and keep it in brine made in the following manner: Take rain water and as much rock salt as can possibly be made to dissolve by heating, adding one teaspoonful of saltpetre to each gallon of brine. Strain through a flannel when cold. Butter keeps sweeter for me without washing, besides being decidedly better in flavor—in my opinion. Of course it must be properly worked; but should there be a few particles of buttermilk allowed to remain, the quality of the butter will not be injured as much as by the same amount of water. I pack butter in large stone jars, using for a weight a common dinner plate and a piece of marble I am not in favor of wooden vessels for milk and butter making. I suppose we shall be obliged to use a wooden churn dash, butter bowl and ladle until some inventive genius takes it into his head to get up something of a different material. In winter, I heat the milk slightly; if allowed to scald, the butter will be oily."

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SPRING PIGS FOR WINTER PORK.

Pigs of a good breed that come about the first of March, and are well fed until the first of December, which is nine months, or two hundred and seventy days, will dress about two hundred and seventy pounds. I have had them to go three hundred pounds at nine and a half months old. But they can easily be made to weigh from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, which is a good weight for winter meat, and I think makes the best and cheapest kind of pork. Pigs well fed for nine months, during the warm part of the season, will cost about one half and grow to about the same weight of pigs eighteen months old that have been wintered. Pigs intended for pork, and not for breeding, should always be kept all the time fit for the knife. I get my pigs to eat with the sow as soon as possible, and before they are old enough to wean, have a pen with a small door for them to go in and out, where feed them all they will eat of swill made of buttermilk, dishwater, &c., from the kitchen, thickened with corn and oats chop. Let them run out, and feed them three times a day all they will eat, until about four weeks before killing time; then I put them up. The more you can get them to eat, the more they will grow, and, of course the more they are worth. Trying to save feed in making pork is only a loss, for fat hogs eat no more than lean ones, and grow much faster. This is my plan, and any one who has a better one, let him give it. G. W.

Warren County, N. Y., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philaad.]

INQUIRIES.

TOBACCO.—*Milford.*—I lately saw an article in the "Newspaper" concerning the cultivation of tobacco, but as it was not quite explicit enough for me, I thought I would make further inquiry. After my plants blossomed, I was told by the gentleman of whom I procured my plants, to cut the blossoms off; and since doing so, I have noticed some suckers on them. I want to know whether or not these suckers must be pulled off? He also told me, when I pull my tobacco, to boil the stems and sprinkle the leaves with the oil. I want to know if this is correct? A speedy answer to the above inquiries will greatly oblige E. C.

CHICORY.—*Snyder County, Pa.*—Having a fine bed of chicory, and considering your valuable "Newspaper" the most reliable source of information, I wish to inquire of some of your correspondents, through its columns, the best and most important method of preparing the same as essence of coffee. Any communication will be thankfully received by D. W. X.

BONE-DUST.—*Cecil County, Md.*—I would be very much obliged if some one of your numerous correspondents would favor me with his method of preparing and applying bone-dust to land, so as to receive the benefit of it in the coming wheat crop? Also tell we whether it would be advisable for me to buy bone-dust or guano, as, situated as I am, I wish a lasting benefit to the land, but, at the same time, any falling off in my wheat crop would be to me a great pecuniary inconvenience. CECIL.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

FLAX FIBRE.—I was surprised at reading in the "Dollar" of August 27, an inquiry concerning flax fibre, signed G. C., that he was ignorant of the use to which it was applied; and that there was such a quantity permitted to rot and waste after the seed was threshed out. I would say that here, in northern Ohio, the largest stalks are pulled from the field, and after being scotched, &c., is worked into linen cloth, and the rest we mow and tramp out the seed, and sell the straw for from $5 to $8 per ton at the tow mills, where they, by machinery, remove the husk and chaff, when it is packed into bales and shipped to the paper mills, where it is manufactured into various qualities of paper. But I would be glad to know whether there is any other use to which tramped straw is put besides the manufacturing of paper.

W. I. T.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HOW TO TREAT NEW GROUND.

After having thoroughly grubbed and plowed the same at once, with a large two-horse peacock plow, harrow both ways several times, spread lime over it at the rate of twenty bushels per acre, sow one bushel per acre of buckwheat, and, without harrowing, sow also one bushel of rye, following by a complete harrowing. Immediately after, sow a peck of timothy. The reader may ask, what is peculiar about this process. This only: in the fall you will cut the buckwheat, and the second year will cradle the rye, and the third season mow the timothy or pasture it. Thus mastering the soil at one tillage and forestalling weeds, briers and bushes.

Mercer County, N. J., 1862. S. T. D.

TO KEEP POTATOES FROM SPROUTING WHICH ARE INTENDED FOR THE USE OF THE TABLE.—Put as many potatoes into a tub of boiling water as can be covered with the water; pour off the water; handle the potatoes carefully; put them in a dry place on boards, one layer thick, to dry. Try it, and see if you do not have good potatoes the year round. K. F.

SOIL FOR BLACKBERRIES.—A rich, deep, sandy soil is the best for blackberries. The blackberry has a large root, and penetrates deep. Like all berries it requires much moisture. It is this which its long root is feeling for.

WORDS.

[FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.]

Words are lighter than the cloud foam
Of the restless ocean spray;
Valuer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away;
By the fall of summer rain-drops
Is the air as deeply stirred;
And the rose leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash a word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its blighting wings I heard:
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And its deepest depths were brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears,
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred,
Never, never more to slumber,
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air,
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever night or day;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents with their venomed stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies!
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

THE REBELLION.

THE WAR IN MARYLAND.

Visit to the Battle Field in Maryland.

VICTORIOUS MARCH OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

[Special Correspondence of the Baltimore American.]

MIDDLETOWN, (Md.) Sept. 20.—I reached this place last evening on my return from the scene of the great battle of Wednesday last. No doubt ere this your readers have been made acquainted with most of the leading particulars and incidents of that most bloody contest, but as it is such an exhaustless theme I have thought a brief recital of what I observed on my journey thither and back to this point might not be unacceptable. Every step of the way from Frederick to the battle-field was replete with indications of the fierceness of the contest which have marked the victorious march of the Grand Army of the Potomac in its work of truly delivering "My Maryland" from the foes to freedom and good government.

Leaving Frederick on Thursday afternoon in an overloaded carriage, conveying some refugees from Hagerstown back to their homes, we creptalong at a provokingly slow pace, amid the stifling dust of the high way, kept continually in motion by the endless line of army wagons; and the more than stifling stench from the many dead horses which had either died from natural causes, or been killed by a stray shot during the continual skirmishing between our advance and the enemy's rear guard.

Our way lay along the turnpike over the Catoctin mountain range, affording a variety of most pleasing landscape views in the distance—valleys abounding with richly cultivated farms, and pleasant, happy homes, suggestive only of peace and contentment, in strange contrast with the fierce track of war every where visible along our pathway—overturned teams, trodden down fields, robbed of their fence-rails, smouldering remnants of camp fires, numbers of wounded soldiers dragging their weary limbs along, or sitting by the wayside, making mute appeals to the sympathy of the beholder.

Reaching the pleasant village of Boonsboro', we found the whole place occupied with wounded soldiers. Every church and schoolhouse, and nearly every private dwelling, a hospital! What a sight—every degree of suffering that the human form can endure! But as the darkest cloud has always a silver lining, so here this sad accumulation of woe was illumined with the bright beams of active benevolence. The whole population, with but very few exceptions, seemed to be enlisted in the good work of ministering to the sufferers. The ladies of Boonsboro', it may truly be said, have shown the most untiring and self-sacrificing devotion; so much so that I heard the praise of their good deeds sounded on the distant battle field; a rough ambulance driver, who had just returned thither, advising some wounded soldiers to go by all means to Boonsboro', for there they would be sure of good treatment from the ladies

So far as I could observe, this commendation would equally apply to other points I passed through, Frederick especially, whose loyal inhabitants are doing all in their power to mitigate the sufferings of the wounded, both of our own and of the rebel army.

After passing Middletown, about four miles up the South Mountain, we came upon the battle field of Sunday last. It only needed a survey of this steep winding mountain road to perceive how determined must have been the valor of our troops to have driven the enemy from his position here. A small opposing force, it would seem, ought to have been able to have successfully held the pass from vastly greater numbers. Well might General McClellan claim a victory in announcing that he had driven the enemy over this ridge, and sent him flying down the opposite slopes towards Boonsboro' valley.

This battle-field gives abundant evidences of the fierceness of the contest. Large trees are seen riddled and shorn of their branches by shot and shell, whilst numerous graves of the dead attest the fearful cost at which it was defended by the foe and won by the victors. It was near the foot of the highest point of this road where the brave General Reno fell, whose lamentable death gave increased determination to his gallant troops to gain the day.

From this point the rebels were closely pressed by our army until they made their next stand, where the battle of Wednesday was fought, just beyond Keedysville. Here, as has already been abundantly shown, General McClellan drove the enemy from his position and forced him to abandon the ground, leaving all his dead and part of his wounded on the field, which the next day was in the rear of our advancing forces. Every part of this hotly contested field was accessible to the throngs of visitors who came in troops from all parts of the surrounding country, both on Thursday and Friday, to view the harrowing spectacle. By Friday many of our dead had been buried, but a vast number of the bodies of the fallen foe still remained as they had met their death. There they lay in all conceivable positions, and in all stages of revolting decomposition, a sight to appall the most courageous, and to fill the memory of the most thoughtless beholder with impressions that must haunt the imagination many a day.

In one part of the battle-field a large corn field, just at the edge of a wood where the Rebels appear to have suffered most, their dead lay so thick that their dark forms could be plainly distinguished a long distance. A rifle pit, which was charged upon by a Pennsylvania regiment, contained heaps of dead laying just as they had fallen—one upon the other! In a line three Rebels had met their death apparently while eating their breakfast. A pile lay before them with food upon it containing a spoon, and around them lay the scattered fragments of a shell which had doubtless exploded in their midst, taking off the top of the head of one and giving death wounds also to the others.

But to look upon the mangled bodies of the dead was horrible, still more appalling a spectacle which the wounded on this vast blood-stained battle field presented on Wednesday night, Thursday and Friday. Many of the wounded remained on the field for twenty-four hours or more before their wounds received any attention. The Surgeons were taxed beyond their ability by the multitude of sufferers, and to regret to say there was a lamentable deficiency in the supply of the various appliances needed at such a time. But for the many volunteer helpers on the field there must have been a fearful aggravation of the sufferings of many of the heroic men who were stricken down in their country's service.

And here let me say a word in commendation of the indefatigable labors of certain members of the "Christian Commission," an organization worthy of the name, some time since instituted at Philadelphia, and having many active members in Baltimore and other cities, whose express aim it is to visit battle fields and hospitals and distribute nourishments to the sick and wounded, and render aid in any way practicable to the needy soldier. Providentially, some agents of this organization were present on the battle field on Wednesday, and the following days and nights, with supplies of bandages, stimulants and nourishments, and rendered most timely aid and comfort to the sufferers. We met a reverend gentleman from Philadelphia and agent of the "Commission" who had spent much time night and day, in going round among the wounded, as they lay on the field, giving them refreshing beverages and helping to move them to places of shelter from the rain and the scorching rays of the sun, which in turn succeded the battle. Water was the one great want of the poor wounded fellows—water was almost their only demand. Late at night our friend was aroused from an effort to obtain rest, by the sad cry coming to his ear through the stillness that succeeded the battle—water, water, water—uttered in low imploring tones. Directed by the sounds of the poor sufferer's voice, he reached his side, raised his head and gave him the water he so much craved, commended his soul to the Father of spirits, and received his murmured thanks. Soon he passed away, and ere morning dawned, he was released from his sufferings.

Many like incidents might be recited, showing how timely was the relief afforded through the instrumentality of this benevolent association. I am authorized to say to all who feel disposed to aid in this good work, that contributions in money or articles needed for the sick and wounded will be thankfully received by the members of the Commission in Baltimore.

On Friday morning it was my good fortune to witness a splendid pageant that was as cheering and inspiring as the scenes of the battle-field were sad and depressing—the forward movement of the Grand Army of the Potomac from the scene of its late bloody triumph over the enemy.

Early in the morning a stream of civilians pressed eagerly toward the battle field, impressed with the conviction that no harbattle was to be fought that day, and all anxious to gain favorable positions for seeing the conflict.

Many and contradictory were the rumors touching the enemy, but soon it was known that he had certainly fallen back during the night, and had or was trying to cross the river.

About nine o'clock flags of the Signal Corps stationed on the various hills were observed in motion, and presently the bugle calls were heard, and all was animation in the lines as far as the eye could reach from the commanding hill top on which I stood. First came a brigade of cavalry from the direction of Sharpsville, followed by several batteries of artillery, a regiment of lancers with their red flags fluttering in the breeze, heightening the martial aspect of the scene. These all turned into the Sharpsburg road. Soon from the opposite direction came columns of infantry passing by other roads and over fields, in solid masses, whilst in the distance long lines were stretched out, and about noon were also seen in motion. At one time there could not have been less than 50,000 men in view—a gallant army, with their flaunting banners and gleaming bayonets. After the column had been some time in motion, General McClellan and staff, with his body-guard, passed along, and was greeted with prolonged shouts of applause that abundantly testified how unanimous is the feeling of affection and regard entertained by this army for their young commander. Before night the entire army had moved its position, and Gen. McClellan had established his head-quarters at Sharpsburg.

Yours, &c, A. F.

THE LOSSES IN THE BATTLES.

A correspondent of the Tribune writing on Sunday says: The greatest loss of life and the greatest number of casualties seem to have been by Gen. Hooker's Corps. The original Corps of Gen. McDowell, which passed through three days' hard fighting upon the old Bull Run battle-grays' field, and was supposed by many to have been annihilated, constituted the command of Gen. Hooker. Gen. McCall's Division formerly belonged to Gen McDowell; but your readers will probably recollect that, at the request of Gen. McClellan, it was sent to his assistance, and participated in that terrible seven days' fight and retreat. It lost its General then, and nearly all its most efficient officers. In the battle of South Mountain, last Sunday, this division was commanded by Gen. Meade, and the admirable manner in which he directed its movements won the admiration of all who were upon the ground. It ascended to the crest of the mountain, and drove the enemy down into the valley, without leaving in its line a single straggler to indicate the direction it had gone.

Yesterday, decimated as it was, it again went into action with the same boldness and manliness of step, and faltered not until the enemy took to the stronghold in his centre, and left the battle-ground to his foe. The Divisions of Gen. Ricketts and Gen. King, the latter commanded by Gen. Doubleday, in the absence of Gen. King, also regained in reputation all they lost upon the battle-field of Manassas. The Brigades of Gen. Hatzuff and Gen. Duryee deserve special mention. Their ranks are fearfully decimated, and it will be a long while before they will be able to go into action again; but not a word to their discredit have we heard from any one. They were fairly tossed from the earth into the air by the severity of the enemy's fire, but on they went through plowed fields and corn fields, through valleys and up hills, till every rebel in their line was driven from his hiding-place, and compelled to seek shelter behind his artillery.

May compensate in the brigade of General Hartauff and Duryee had no officers to command them. Gen. Hartauff himself was dangerously wounded in the commencement of the fight. Gen. Duryee had two horses shot under him. Capt. Duryee, brother to Gen. Duryee, and upon his staff, was dangerously wounded. His brother, who is now lying in a private dwelling in Keedysville. General Duryee displayed great gallantry and judgment in directing his brigade, and won, what is the most difficult thing in the world for a volunteer General to gain, a admiration of the West Point Generals who were fighting by his side. The corps of General Hooker went into action almost at the break of day—indeed, it may be said to have been in action all the night before, for a constant struggle was kept up between the contending parties to obtain the most favorable position for artillery. General Sumner, who held the right, came to the relief of Gen. Hooker went into the action about noon, and continued in the fight until darkness closed over the field. In this corps I have heard the divisions of Genls. French and Richardson more frequently spoken of than any others, although all fought well. The Irish brigade, commanded by General Meagher, found with great severity of duf fered severely. The original 69th has hardly a corporal's guard left. The regiment has been transferred from the field to the hospital and to the grave, where sleep so many of the Irish braves who have fallen in this war.

I have not the moment left Gen. Kimball. His brigade, from the number killed and wounded, must have suffered more severely than any others. Gen. Kimball estimates his loss at 1300. The brigade when it went into battle carred 3500 muskets; it was one of the largest in the army, and when in the division of Gen. Shields was considered one of the best. This brigade, it will be remembered, whipped Jackson at Winchester, when under the command of Gen Shields. After its return from the campaign to the valley of the Shenandoah, by the army of the Rappahannock it was sent to Gen. McClellan, and remained with him until his retreat. It is now in the division of Gen. French, and in the corps of General Sumner. General French's entire division was engaged in the afternoon yesterday, and the list of killed and wounded will tell how it suffered.

All of the wounded have been brought from the field to-day. It is impossible to form an estimate of our entire loss; there being so many hospitals, and so few regiments have made official reports. In killed and wounded no battle of the war will approach it. The rebels seem to take off our officers almost before they have time to draw their men up in line of battle. Nearly all the officers killed have been distinguished from the privates a short distance off. Our own can be seen a mile. The loss, however, in officers in the rebel ranks must have been very great. The bodies of Gen. Anderson and Gen. Whiting were this morning found lying among our own dead. Between 40 and 50 rebel captains and lieutenants have also been found and brought to our hospitals. I have conversed with many of them, and they all admit a very heavy loss, and one of them said our fire from musketry and artillery was so terrible that it seemed to him as if all "hell had broken loose."

An officer in Jackson's corps told me that Jackson's strength was but 16,000 when he took Harper's Ferry, and that he had but two brigades in the fight yesterday. He estimates the entire rebel strength in front of us at 150,000; other officers, however, say it is not 90,000. Both D. H. Hill and A. P. Hill are said to command corps. General Loring, with 25,000 men, is reported to be advancing to strengthen Gen. Lee.

CONDITION OF THE REBEL ARMY.

WHAT A SURGEON SAYS OF IT.

A surgeon, whom the New York Times says is a gentleman of scientific habit of mind and close observation, and who had the opportunity which, till then, had scarcely been enjoyed by any loyalist, of seeing nearly the whole rebel army march by, as they were crossing the Potomac, gives the following account of the rebel army:

There were two *corps d'armee*—that of Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson: they marched in two solid columns over the bridges, and were about fifteen hours in passing. This gentleman counted the numbers in a given time, and then made a rough estimate of the whole force: his reckoning made those corps alone numbering close upon 60,000.

He had heard the usual accounts of the costume, appearance and condition of the rebel army, and like most of us, supposed them exaggerations. But he now says that no descriptions he has seen approaches the truth. There never was beheld such a crew of ragged, rowdy looking men. It was like an army of ragpickers. There was no uniform or attempt at uniform. Officers and men were equally dirty and dingy. The hats were commonly old "wide-awakes," stained by a long campaign, often with the tops gone and the hair streaming out. The trowsers were of all colors, and generally in tatters up to the knees. The coats, if they had any, were dirty and ragged and often well greased by the piece of bacon which each man carried on his bayonet. The shirts were black with long use. One officer told our informant that he had not been able to change his shirt for six weeks. The blankets were of all colors and materials—often bits of carpeting and old bed-comforters. Nearly one-half of the men were barefooted. They carried their crackers and bullets and caps all together in their pockets. Both officers and men were excessively lousy, and the stench from the passing columns was almost unbearable.

As they marched by, our men were surprised at first at the great number of field officers, riding in the lines, and then at the small numbers gathered around the flags. Their first theory was that these were sections of regiments, each with a separate flag. But they soon discovered that they were *bona fide* regiments, numbering from 150 to 300 men, with